June 29, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

IN short, plain words, each *puff* of pure leaf in this cigarette is blended like each other *puff;* no streak, no sting can mar the even, rich, mild taste of it. The law says no one else can match it. The public has taken to it. They like its plump shape, its firmness, the smooth draw and even ash of it—its proper way of not spilling itself about . . . . . But mostly, of course, *the fact that it is so obviously worth the little it costs* . . . . . Yes; old Sir Walter (if he knows what's going on in his America) should think himself very decently represented indeed.

Raleigh
Cigarettes
Twenty Cents

BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

FIFTH AVENUE AT
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

B. ALTMAN & CO.

MADISON AVENUE AT
THIRTY-FIFTH STREET

TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

Organdy for Summer Afternoons or Evenings

Sleeveless . . . imported from France . . . hand-made, of course . . . crisp and cool . . . with exquisite details of embroidery, lace and tucking . . . especially charming in beige.

$29 to $59

MISSES' AND WOMEN'S COTTON DRESSES
THIRD FLOOR

© 1929, Eugene, Ltd.

: : : : *They have revolutionized the art of permanent waving*

They are the secret of beautifully natural permanent waves : : : :—

***HOLES!*... countless tiny perforations, carefully placed and spaced on the Eugène Sachets used by your permanent waver. From these holes come tiny jets of steam under precise control of direction, intensity and duration. No other device used in permanent waving possesses this exclusive patented feature of adaptability to your individual head of hair, essential for uniformly successful results.**

Be sure *your* permanent waver uses genuine Eugène Sachets — 26 to 40 of them for each wave or re-wave. You will know the genuine by the Eugène Trade-Mark stamped boldly on each sachet.

SEND FOR ONE!

See the Eugène Sachet—note the perforations! We will gladly send you one for this purpose. Ask, also, for our new illustrated booklet and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers in your neighborhood.

EUGÈNE LTD., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York
ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • AUSTRALIA

eugène
PERMANENT WAVES

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 19, June 29, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Imported chiffons, beautifully made into softly trailing frocks . . . $36.75

As you know, French chiffons have a floating sheerness that makes perfect summer gowns and these are distinctly unusual in pattern and color. The cape collar frock can start at tea and sweep on through dinner at a roof or country club. For the backless, leaf-print dinner dress we can foresee unceasing festivities the whole summer through. Sizes 34 to 40.

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 6. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JONESY—The joys of having a son home from college made into a pleasant farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—An extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W. Closes Sat., July 6.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore almost redeems a dull play by the wit and glamour of her performance. Last two days. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Closes Sat., June 29.)

NICE WOMEN—Wisecracking comedy with a "Holiday" plot. Sylvia Sidney plays the fresh flapper. (Longacre, 48, W.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof, murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Deft impersonations by Dorothy Sands, Paula Trueman, and Albert Carroll. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the leaders. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—An all colored revue, half of which is a knockout, and the other half fair to middling. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited, intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rough, jolly revue. Nearer the Shubert office than the Adriatic. (Shubert, 44, W.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Glenn Hunter in a sketch entitled "His First Dress Suit;" Sophie Tucker; and Molly Picon will be at the Palace Fri., June 28. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—A new revue with Will Mahoney; sketches by Eddie Cantor. Opens Mon., July 1. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW GIRL—A musical comedy based on J. P. McEvoy's story, with music by George Gershwin. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Opens Tues., July 2. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden will open for the summer on Mon., July 1; dancing during dinner in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly redecorated by Joseph Urban; dancing during dinner and after the theatre to Emil Coleman's and Leo Reisman's orchestras; open until 2 A.M.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dinner and supper accompanied by Rudy Vallée's crooning; cool on hot nights.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), transformed into a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other aerial places: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, open-air, with Jack White entertaining. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, where Chez Helen Morgan used to be.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Less than an hour's drive from Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dining and dancing on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan and her gang; open all

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
A REPORTER AT LARGE	26
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	36
THE RACE TRACK	40
TEE AND GREEN	42
THE THEATRE	46
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	50
ABOUT THE HOUSE	53
AS TO MEN	57
OUT OF TOWN	62
THE CURRENT CINEMA	66
THE OARSMEN	67
PARIS LETTER	69
RECENT BOOKS	73
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	74

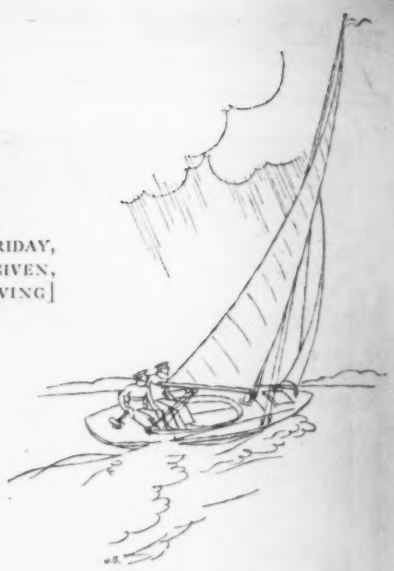
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

LA PANNÉ-VEL...the New *Double* Panne Velvet: the reign of velvet puts panne in a première place—and "La Panné-Vel", with its supple, all-silk, georgette back, its glowing high-lights and subtle depths of color, is the most fluent expression of this new mode—a revelation of the modern art of the loom. +++

The Sheldon Looms —ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 6. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]



(Continued from page 4)

night. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—The police and the crooks in one of the speediest and most exciting pictures of the year. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; starting Sat., June 29; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—War and romance in Africa, with especially fine pictures of the jungle animals. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Another underworld drama enriched by George Bancroft's special talent for portraying the heavy villain. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer in an entertaining movie made from the popular melodrama. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Betrayal," Emil Jannings in a silent picture of life in the Swiss Alps, worth seeing on the star's account; "The Cocoanuts," the musical show transferred to the talking screen with great success for the Marx Brothers, but not so good otherwise; "Madame X," highly effective talkie devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton.

ART

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

DECORATION—Another show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

FRENCH—Inspiring show of work by Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, and other moderns: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.; closes July 1.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing, with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SUMMER SHOW—Some unknown natives and foreigners: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern P'kway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; daily at 8:30 P.M., starting Fri., July 5: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway or Bus No. 3.)

STARLIGHT OPERA—Outdoor opera, "Aïda," Thurs., July 4, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., June 29 and July 6, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., June 29 and July 6, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

ALFREDO GANDOLFI—Baritone: Sun., June 30, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—Victor Herbert's "The Singing Girl:" Sun., June 30, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore:" Mon., July 1, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., June 30, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., July 2, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sat., July 6, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 28, at 3:15 P.M., Sat., June 29, at 3 P.M., and Sun., June 30 at 1:45 P.M. (doubleheader); Giants vs. Brooklyn, Sat., July 6, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Mon. through Wed., July 1-3, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs., July 4, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader). (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOWS—Long Island Kennel Club, Huntington, L. I., Sat., June 29. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N. J., Sat., July 6.

GOLF—United States Open Championship, Winged Foot G. C., Mamaroneck, N. Y., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 28 and 29. On Fri., Walter Hagen starts off at 8:35 A.M.; Johnny Farrell, 1:40 P.M.; Bobby Jones, 2 P.M. (Trains leave Grand Central, lower level, for Mamaroneck, at 7:30, 8:40, 10:27 A.M., and 12:30 P.M., taking 48 minutes.) . . . Intercollegiate Championship, Hollywood G. C., Deal, N. J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 28 and 29.

HORSE SHOW—Babylon Horse Show, Babylon, L. I., Fri. and Sat., June 28 and 29.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Westbury, L. I. Play Sat., Tues., and Thurs., at 5:30 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 3:59 P.M.) . . . Intercollegiate Championship, Philadelphia Country Club, finals, Sat., June 29, at 3 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.) . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft., at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

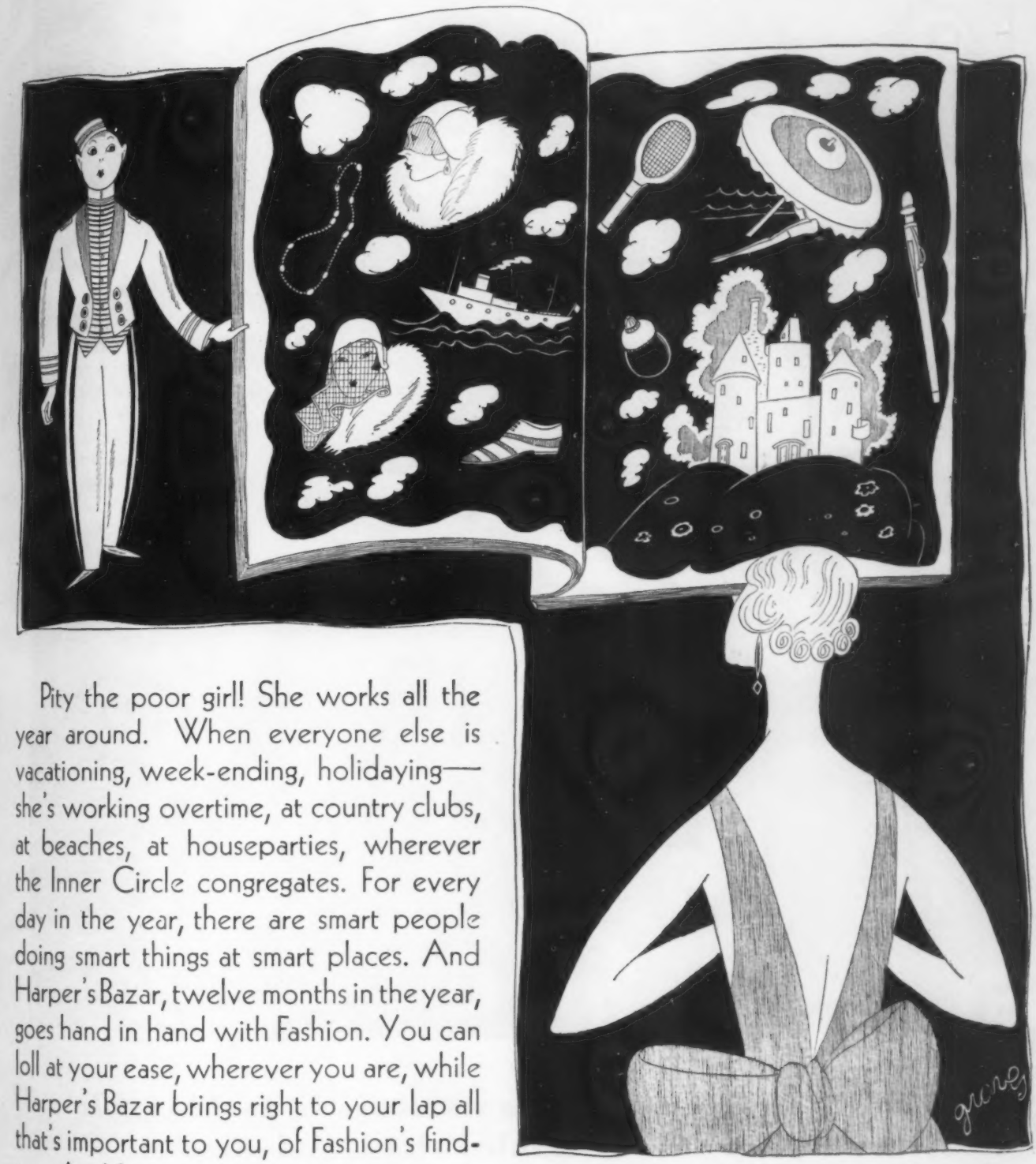
RACING—Aqueduct track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Thurs., July 4. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.) . . . Empire City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Fri., July 5. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:27 and 1:35 P.M., except Sat.; trains Sat. at intervals from 1:07 to 1:47 P.M.)

TENNIS—National Intercollegiate Championships, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 28 and 29. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.)

YACHTING—Championship Races on Long Island Sound: Riverside Y. C., Sat. Aft., June 29; American Y. C., Rye, N. Y., Wed. Aft., July 3; Larchmont Y. C., Thurs. Aft., July 4; Knickerbocker Y. C., Port Washington, L. I., Fri. Aft., July 5; New Rochelle Y. C., Sat. Aft., July 6.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The pool in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63, is for women only.

Fashion Doesn't Have Any Vacation!



Pity the poor girl! She works all the year around. When everyone else is vacationing, week-ending, holidaying—she's working overtime, at country clubs, at beaches, at houseparties, wherever the Inner Circle congregates. For every day in the year, there are smart people doing smart things at smart places. And Harper's Bazar, twelve months in the year, goes hand in hand with Fashion. You can loll at your ease, wherever you are, while Harper's Bazar brings right to your lap all that's important to you, of Fashion's findings. And fiction to amuse you, too.

HARPER'S BAZAR for JULY

—at smart resorts —at city news-stands

in addition to our famous numbers in fashionable hosiery, we have assembled a large and complete collection of net hosiery in which all the smart new shades are represented.

women's hosiery—street floor

saks-fifth avenue
new york

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT seems to us the Stock Market has outgrown its present physical organization. Since it has become the pastime of the nation, it should begin to offer something in the way of adequate seating capacity and convenient hours. A little showmanship would help. It should be open at night, and it should operate in some place like Madison Square Garden or the Yankee Stadium, and it should be broadcast. As things are now, how can clerks and stenographers, working from nine to five, get the full enjoyment out of their speculative life? It's pretty academic, playing

the market entirely from the financial columns of a newspaper and from the daily advice sheet of a tipster. Nobody can get down to Wall Street between ten and three—you simply can't get around to it.

THE colleges have spilled their wistful seniors out into the warm June world, and these young men are no doubt worrying already about how they're going to get on. Dorothy Dix has written a column scarcely calculated to cheer them. She says the world is full of square pegs in round holes—doctors who should be automobile mechanics, furriers who should be explorers. "Three-fourths of the people let accident decide their profession," she laments. Well, of course they do. Yet virtually every person we encounter in street or office seems strangely qualified to do just what he is doing. Many of them are grousing about it, but they are oriented just the same. If seniors want greetings more cheerful than Dorothy Dix offers, they can find them in Emerson's essay on "Spiritual Laws" —with which they are probably equally

familiar. "Each man," says Emerson, "has his own vocation. . . . He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea." Seniors really have nothing to worry about these days, anyway, with the Stock Market the way it is. They may have to eat in Childs for a while, but they can always buy a little Childs stock and eat their way to financial independence.

THIS, by the way, is the time of year we get fairly bitter about the honorary (uh huh) degrees that universities confer on illustrious citizens. Not all universities are guilty of this

prestige-swapping ritual, but most of them are. Harvard made Governor Roosevelt a Doctor of Laws last week, thereby getting plenty of newspaper space—pictures of the Governor surrounded by his smiling family, the Governor holding a small pennant labelled 1904. When we observe a university handing out honorary degrees, we suspect it of about the same motives as those of Arthur Schreiber, the aerial stowaway; we suspect it of wanting to get in on something.

OUR idea for improving the taxicab situation is to change the design of the cabs. There should be, first, an emergency exit, through which passengers can escape unnoticed when the driving gets too awful. Second, there should be a doctor in each cab. Above all, there should be a signal board in front of the driver, operated from the back seat. This board would flash typical instructions, epithetical and threatening. By this means the passenger could flash "One more like that

and I get out!" or "Stop weaving!" (for drivers who twine in and out of "L" pillars), or "I said East, not West." As it is now, no passenger dares speak to the driver, fearing to detract his attention the fraction of a second, and commit suicide. With thirty taxi companies, each trying to beat the other's game and bend the other's fender, the strain on the public nerves is almost too great to bear. Obviously, the solution is a radical change in design, giving the passenger an even break with the driver, offering a means of escape, medical assistance, and a way of registering continuous disapproval.

ALWAYS attracted by crowds, we joined one at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street Tuesday evening. In the centre, standing on the back seat of a dusty touring car, a moist gentleman was offering an old Indian remedy for mitral regurgita-

tions and things like that. The bottles cost a dollar and he sold quite a lot. Subsequently a full-blooded Indian, eighty-seven years old, sang a love song. On the opposite corner a man in a blue uniform beat on a drum while six middle-aged women sang thinly of Infinite Compassion. They were attended by two children and a negro working on his nails with a penknife.

For a time the significance of this eluded us, but we finally concluded that Americans are more interested in their insides than anything else and the way for the Salvation Army to make money is to sell a panacea, in bottles, between hymns.

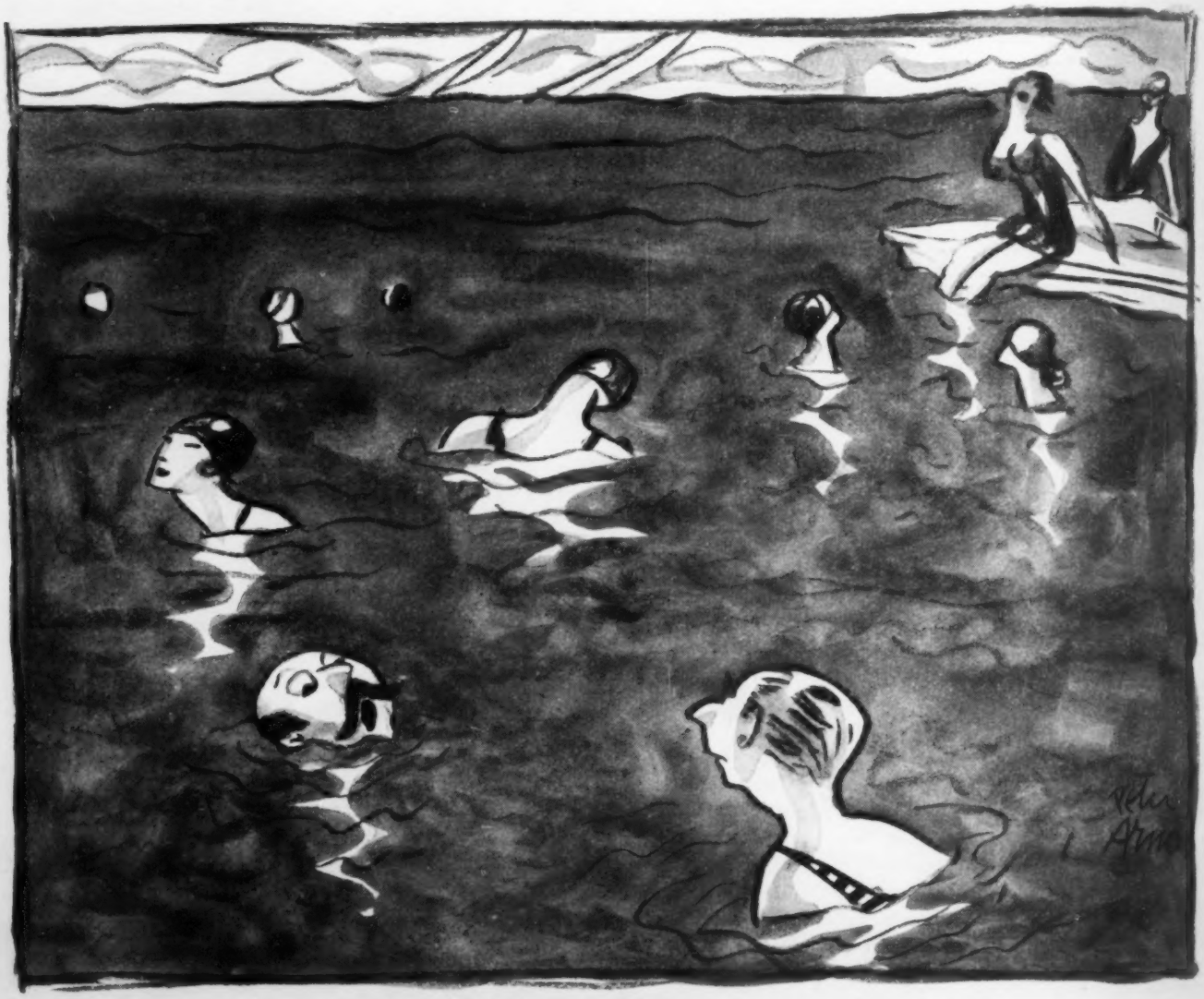
Tammany's Skeleton

WHEN the old headquarters of Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street were torn down a few months ago the heroic figure of Chief Tammany, who had stood with upraised tomahawk in his niche below the roof for sixty-one years, was tipped onto a truck and driven quietly up to Harlem, where he was rolled into a warehouse.

In his original aerie the chief had appeared no more than life-size; laid on his back on a pile of lumber, his tomahawk still awkwardly upreared, he stretched a full fourteen feet. Those who thought about it at all wondered why Tammany had not preserved the Chief for its new headquarters, or at least why an institution so astute did not dispose of him as a relic of value. Wasn't an elaborate museum being planned for upper Fifth Avenue, and wouldn't it rejoice in the acquisition of such a souvenir of the old days? Weren't the Rockefellers and who-all-else behind it? Furthermore, the dethroned chief was valuable intrinsically, for while it was known that he was a mere shell, he was reputed to be a shell of pewter, and pewter is as readily marketable as platinum. As metal it was estimated he would assay a good deal of money.

Chief Tammany had lain on his lumber pile but a few days when one morning came a truck and two shirtless titans with sledge-hammers. Came also an employer of the titans, shirted and without sledge-hammer. He announced to the warehouseman that Chief Tammany was to be reduced to a pulp. The sledge-hammers did not strike immediately, however. There was still time for the museum authorities to appear with injunctions and certified cheques. But it was not for this that the shirtless titans tarried. They awaited the arrival of a fourth member of the party of destruction, who appeared not only shirted, but nattily coated and hatted as well. He was, it turned out, the official representative of Tammany Hall, the state mourner at the strange obsequies of the ancient leader.

The mourner gave the signals and the titans set heartily to work. Within an hour the largest surviving fragment of the statue could easily have been



"Seize my chin, will you, Nichols, like a good fellow?"

enclosed in the average fist. Thus was the old Indian done away with, he who through all weathers, through Tweed and Croker and Murphy, through triumph and disaster, had stood steadfast and staunch before the wigwam in Fourteenth Street, a symbol of the organization that stationed him there.

The explanation, gentle reader, is that Chief Tammany was not of pewter, but of spelter, the difference between pewter and spelter, pound for pound, being as the difference between pearls and mother of pearl. The Tammany of 1860 had been taken in. One who secretly visited the Chief as he lay on his inglorious bed of lumber says that, seeing him thus close, he detected a sadness about his face, a drooping of the corners of his mouth, a furrowing of the forehead. He thinks the old fellow knew all along that he wasn't real.

Nor was the Chief the sole remaining testimony of ancient iniquity. Coincident with his elevation to his Fourteenth Street pinnacle, the Hall had acquired what were represented to be two solid bronze Roman gladiators. It had been planned to set these up in the new wigwam in Seventeenth Street. Alas, as the first of them was being carried into the new hall he began to leak sand. This silicate hemorrhage continued until he wasted away to a few pounds. He and his twin were likewise shells of spelter, complexioned by a coating of bronze paint. The gladiators won't be set up anywhere either.

Doormat

THE rubber doormat in front of 1 Fifth Avenue says: "*Nil Extra Numerum.*" This bothered a crusty gentleman in the neighborhood, who doesn't know Latin and would rather not have to look at any. He used to wipe his feet on the mat, solemnly, in passing—as an earnest of his disapprobation. Last week he called up the hotel.

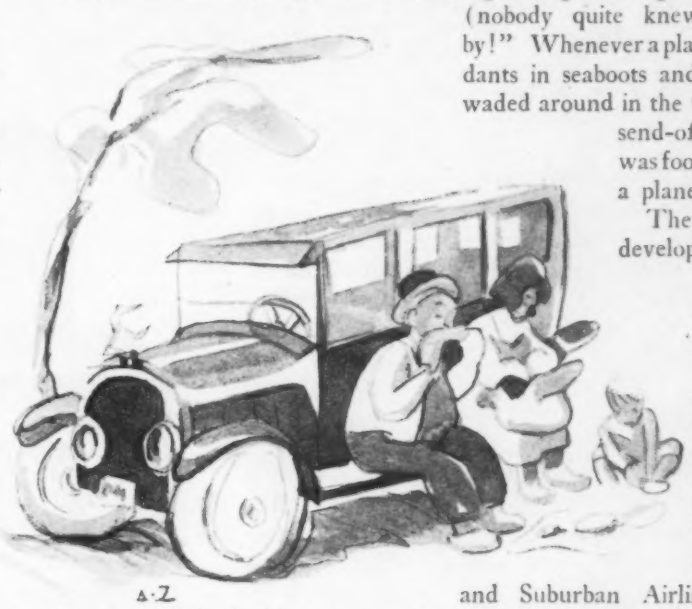
"There is a Latin inscription on your doormat. What does it mean?"

The girl said she had noticed "*Nil Extra Numerum*" herself, but didn't know what it meant. "There's a Mr. Miller, though," she went on, "in the dining-room. He's eating. He knows what it means, I think."

The gentleman held the wire.

"Mr. Miller says he thinks maybe it means 'There *is* no such number.' No, wait a minute, that wouldn't be right. 'No other number,' or something like that. It's a Spanish crest."

The gentleman is going to see about



A. Z.

having the whole building removed, including the doormat.

Air Travel

TRANSPORT seaplanes, more or less kicked out of the North River, have descended in numbers on Flushing Bay. A new seaplane base has been established there, with a runway for amphibians to climb out on, dripping. Twice a day Sikorskys leave for Atlantic City. It takes an hour and costs thirty dollars. People come out from Forty-second Street in fast launches. Twice a day a Coastal Airways plane leaves for Albany, at ten-thirty and three-thirty. Weekends, planes are seen departing for places like Southampton, Newport, and Lake George, air yachts chartered by private parties.

This new water airport is at a place called North Beach, where Geo. Ehret's amusement park used to be in the days of beer. The ruins still stand —the bleached skeleton of a roller-coaster, dark groves where basket parties used to encamp, cobblestone streets deep in grass, gas lamp-posts, and pavilions through whose moldering bars little maple trees have sprung up. We went over there (in response to an engraved invitation) the day the air terminal was christened. There was a distinct air of yachting about the occasion, wharf and pavilion freshly painted, the bay very lively with small craft, the borough president highly dedicatory. Whenever a plane approached to make a landing—scattering canoes, shells, and motor-boats—a gentleman in full yachting regalia rushed forward waving a bright orange flag and shouting (nobody quite knew why), "Stand by!" Whenever a plane departed attendants in seaboots and orange jumpers waded around in the water giving final send-offs. Mr. Levine was fooling around—had a plane there, in fact.

The terminal is being developed by the New York Air Terminals, Inc. They have purchased a large tract of land around the bay opposite Riker's Island (that dump) and will build a clubhouse. It is the base for the New York and Suburban Airlines, a company operating air yachts to take people anywhere they want to go.

We understand that there is a growing tendency to use seaplanes or amphibians for weekend commuting. A six-seater goes to Newport every week, underwritten by a group of prominent men—Bradford Norman, Jr., F. Frazier Jelke, Carroll D. Winslow, and Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt. When there's a vacant seat, the Airlines sell it to someone—otherwise it's paid for anyway. This weekly convenience costs these gentlemen three hundred and forty dollars.

The nice thing about aviation is that it is still in the fairly comical stage. Although the airport authorities did everything possible to invest flying with dignity and gentility, they couldn't always make it come off. When the giant Sikorskys were being launched, a great fuss was made about the business of hooking a rope on their tail so they could be eased slowly down the ramp into the bay. This was highly impressive, and reassuring to old ladies, until one time, in the fervor of aerial activity, someone just simply forgot all about the rope and the big amphibian went rollicking down the steep runway with six worried attendants clinging to its tail, and dived into the bay with a merry splash that added more to the immediate gaiety than to the ultimate solemnity of air travel.

And Gone Tomorrow

IN Jersey City, where politics is politics, the last campaign was marked

by a new wrinkle in strategy. In the bitterness of the mayoralty fight, one side went around replacing display photographs of the rival candidate with one of their own man's. They had difficulty with a Chinese laundryman, whose window displayed the enemy's face. He couldn't see why he should exchange posters. He demanded a reason. Several were offered but none succeeded until one of the politicians, pointing to the picture, said: "Him last week's show. This picture, this week's." The Chinaman understood that and made the exchange.

Home-Run Ott

WHEN we were very young, John McGraw's Giants were the most glamorous baseball team in the world. Any boy in his teens who had made that team would have been as great a hero as Lindbergh. Nowadays youngsters have eyes only for the Yankees and a pudgy-faced, almost middle-aged man, named Babe Ruth. Thus Melvin Ott, whose career reads like one of the old and forgotten Dick Merriwell stories, has been cut out of the glory he deserves in the play-streets of the city. When he was fifteen he was larruping a baseball for a high-school team in the small town of Gretna, Louisiana. He might have stopped playing and gone into the hardware business or something had not news of his prodigious batting come to the ears of one Harry Williams, a wealthy lumberman and sportsman in New Orleans, sixty miles away. Now this Williams had organized, for his own amusement, a little semi-professional ball club, and when Ott left high school, Williams got him to play on one of the teams. The youngster knocked the ball out of the grounds for a home run every few innings. Williams is a friend of McGraw and wrote to him about the "miracle boy." That was in 1925, when Melvin was only sixteen. McGraw, always a showman looking for a drawing card, asked Ott to report to the Giants, which the youngster did in the fall of that year. The great Jawn J. watched him bat, in practice, and was impressed. They say the young Southerner has perfect batting form, that he bats more naturally even than the noted Rogers Hornsby.

This year, at twenty, Melvin Ott is the outstanding home-run hitter of the Giants. For a time he led both Ruth and Gehrig in home runs. He still leads Ruth.

Ott is well built, and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds. His hair has a natural "marcel wave" in it which arouses so much interest among women fans that he always pulls his cap down as far as possible when playing. On the field he is serious, almost solemn. He is a little abashed by being the "clean-up man" on the famous Giant team. The clean-up man bats fourth, the most important position. If any players are on base when he comes to bat, he is supposed to score them. Melvin does, more often than not.

Ott has a room in the apartment of Dr. Mortimer Mayer, a dentist, at 145th Street and Broadway. One of the dentist's patients lets out furnished rooms to ball-players. When Melvin applied there in 1926 she was filled up, and knowing that Dr. Mayer had extra room asked him to take Ott in for the time being. He has lived there ever since. When he is homesick the dentist asks him in to listen to the radio. Ott reads a lot of adventure and detective stories, plays a good game of bridge, likes to dance, and dances well. He enjoys telling about his younger brother Charles, who he thinks will win a place on a major-league team soon. When he first joined the Giants he wasn't excited. He thought it was a joke of Harry Williams'. He never, in fact, gets fussed. In a pinch he is often cooler than fellow players who were stars when he was ten.

Fame and the Teacher

LOUIS PERSINGER, teacher of the young master of the violin, Yehudi Menuhin, arrived here several weeks ago from the West Coast, and has already listened to approximately forty infant prodigies, whose fond parents wish them to follow in the footsteps of Master Yehudi. More mature artists also come in to seek his advice. One of them is a gentleman who has been a tympanist for a symphony orchestra but, weary of kettle-drums and cymbals, has decided to take up the more romantic fiddle. Giving this audience was quite a trial for Mr. Persinger, but even at the end of several pieces on the violin, the tympanist was not done. He went to the phone, called a number, and then, making a "tchk, tchk" noise with his lips, held out the receiver to the surprised teacher. Mr. Persinger obligingly listened and was astonished to hear the opening strains of the Tschaikowsky violin concerto come over the wire. The telephonic artist was none other than Harold Cohen, aged nine, whose father, Mr. Cohen, a friend of the tympanist's, wanted little Harold also to have the benefit of Mr. Persinger's instruction.

•

UPTOWN on the Grand Concourse, where the new subway is dynamiting its way through the Bronx, a sign on a new apartment house boldly announces that it is ready for occupancy and lists conveniences—radio outlets, electric refrigeration, and so on. At the end of the list an unidentified wag has added in large chalked letters: "WITH 100% SOUND."

Hock at Hubert's

HUBERT'S Cafeteria in Sheridan Square is closed now and this brings to an end the more or less interesting tradition of "sitting in hock" there. Dwellers of the Village, who took it seriously, used to drop in at Hubert's without money in their pockets, order something over the counter, and then wait around until some friend came in to pay the check. They spent the intervening time in talking about one thing and another. This trust in the gay camaraderie of Bohemia wasn't always justified immediately. Friends dropping in for coffee were cordial, but frequently they were without funds and also found themselves in hock. Then they would all have to wait until some lucky fellow came along who had sold a verse or an etching, or had got money

from home. He would pay their check. This was called "bailing out of hock." The record for sitting in hock was held by one forlorn man who waited seven hours with a seventy-five-cent check. At the end of five hours he managed to borrow a nickel to phone a cousin to come to his aid. The relative, a reputable businessman, finally appeared at the end of a couple of hours, grumbling. One young painter once seemed in for a long sitting until three friends came in and asked him to make a fourth at bridge. He said he would gladly play if they paid his check—thirty cents. They paid.

Old Man Hubert, as the late proprietor of the place was called, was a dour fellow, not very sympathetic toward art. He was appreciative of a tradition, however, and did well. On Saturdays and Sundays, slumming parties from uptown used to visit the restaurant, and it was his custom to eject the picturesque but penniless habitués and run the prices up considerably for this sounder trade. When he died his widow sold the cafeteria. The new management, unused to disorder in business, failed.

Skeptic

EDISON, Firestone, Ford, and John Burroughs, so it is related, were out on one of their jaunts when one of the tires on their car blew out. They drove to the nearest garage, where Mr. Edison got out and summoned a mechanic. The latter said he would have to put on a new tire, suggesting a Firestone. "That's Mr. Firestone in the car," said Mr. Edison, making conversation. The mechanic was silent. "And that's Mr. Ford next to him," continued Mr. Edison. A moment later Mr. Burroughs poked his head out of a window of the machine. "Hello, Santa Claus," the mechanic said.

Yankee Needs

THIS spring an American lady of small means went to Paris to live, and there took a little apartment which she asked a French decorator to equip with the barest essentials for living purposes. She left the city during the process of decorating, and was somewhat disconcerted by the size of the bill forwarded to her by the decorator. On her return she was even more disconcerted to find that the fellow, in equipping the place, had installed as one of the bare necessities a small but complete bar, *à l'américain.*

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Oh, just a summer toy."

THE FIRE IN THE OLD F

N THE OLD FIREWORKS FACTORY

PLANS, PLANS, PLANS!

WELL, the Regional Plan for New York and its Environs has at last been submitted, after seven years of work by the Committee on the Regional Plan, and I may say that I am just about ready to drop. Seven years is a long time, even just waiting around.

The area covered by the plan is that within a radius of fifty miles of the City Hall, but all that I shall have need for is about three and a half miles in one direction (uptown). I very seldom go above Eighty-fifth Street now that those German places on Eighty-sixth Street have got so crowded. Perhaps there is something in the plan for reducing the congestion in those Eighty-sixth Street places. I haven't really read it all through.

It is said that this area is four and a half times as large as the State of Rhode Island ("Little Rudy") but that doesn't help me much as I don't know how large Rhode Island is. I *do* know that you can get awfully good clam chowder in Providence, Rhode Island. None of this hot water, tomato, and green-pepper stuff known as "Manhattan" clam chowder, but made with milk and onions and potatoes. But I suppose that if New York were to be *ten* times as large as Rhode Island they would still make their clam chowder with hot water, tomatoes, and green peppers. (I guess that living so long has made me cynical.)

The plan as submitted looks ahead to a New York of 1965. That lets me out right at the start. My interest in the thing can be merely academic, as by 1965 I hope to be stuffed and standing upright in the Natural History Museum next to Mrs. Murphy, the hippopotamus who recently left the Zoo so desolate. Incidentally, much as I hate writing for a living, I would rather be doing this than be engaged in stuffing Mrs. Murphy.

By 1965 the Committee on the Regional Plan figures that there will be twenty million people in this New York area. For this reason, if for no other, I hope that I shall not be here. I couldn't stand twenty million people, and I am sure that twenty million people couldn't stand me, not the way I should be in 1965. It would just make for hard feeling all around.

However, since there will presumably be some improvements made in the town while I am still here, I should like to suggest one or two which are not incorporated in the report—or at least, not so far as I have read (the first four paragraphs).

IN the first place, there is that hole in the pavement on Forty-fourth Street just west of Fifth Avenue. I have, up to the present writing, smashed three silk hats on the tops of three separate taxi-cabs going over that hole. On other occasions, when not protected by a silk hat, I have merely hurt my head very badly. For the first two or three years of jouncing over it the only ill effect that I noticed was a stiff neck, necessitating carrying my head forward as if I were sneaking up on someone. But during the past year this constant banging up against the ceilings of taxis just before reaching Fifth Avenue has begun to tell on my mental processes. I find that I forget addresses and names and sometimes I even forget what I am in the taxi-cab at all for. At such times I have to stop the cab at the Avenue, get out, and go back to look up my date-book. And, as I never put dates down in my date-book, I am no better off than I would have been if I had stayed in the cab—except that I don't hit my head in going over the hole in the pavement on Forty-fourth Street *east* of Fifth Avenue. Before anything is done about getting fifteen million more people into New York I would respectfully suggest that they get those two holes filled in.

"I wonder what is good for sunburn, Bill?"

ANOTHER thing that this so-called "committee" had better see to before it starts any "circumferential routes" or "radial roads" is to put more rubbish-cans on street corners. I am by nature a very neat man. Those people who have been privileged to see my desk have marvelled at the absence of papers on it (partly due to the fact that I do no work, but also because I hate to have things littered about). I usually get my mail on the way out in the morning and read it as I walk along the street. This method sometimes results in nasty accidents, such as being run down by trucks and bumping into people coming in the opposite direction, but, as my mail is small, the danger is soon over.

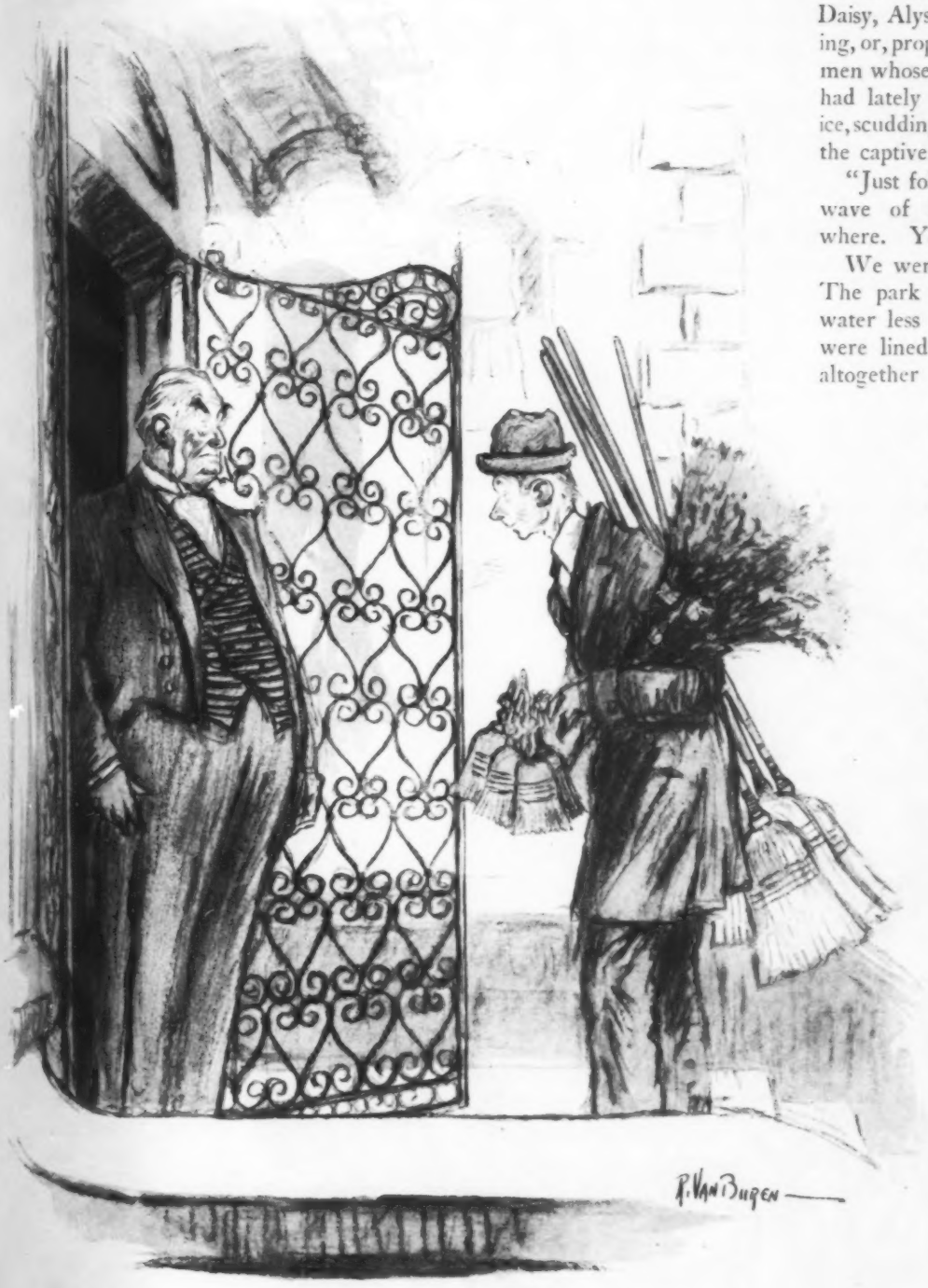
I used to carry along in my hand the envelopes and circulars which I did not want to save, looking for a receptacle in which to throw them. I couldn't bear to toss them out into the street and make this city of ours all untidy. But I soon found that there were no receptacles. On each street corner there are mail-boxes (unless you are looking for a mail-box, and then it is a police-box) but no rubbish-cans. I have carried handfuls of crumpled-up envelopes and circulars for ten blocks without finding any place to throw them, finally giving in and dropping them surreptitiously in the gutter, expecting every minute to be spoken to by Commissioner Whalen and made to go and pick them up again and put them in the waste-basket.

I HAVE tried to avoid this embarrassing predicament by reading my mail in taxi-cabs, but then there arises the same problem of what to do with the envelopes and circulars. You can't drop them on the floor of the cab, not with any fairness to the driver, who probably wants to keep his cab neat. You can tuck them down in back of the cushions, but that also is rather a mean trick, for they pop out sooner or later and make the place look a mess. The only thing left to do is drop them out at the cab-window one by one, and there you are again, littering up the

streets. The only solution is for the City to supply a rubbish-can for each street corner, a solution so simple that you would think they would have thought of it before. If they don't do this before 1965, and let fifteen million more people come into town, pedestrians will have to carry little individual snow-ploughs to push in front of them in order to make their way through the waste-paper in the streets.

I have looked pretty thoroughly through the maps and plans submitted by the city-planning committee, but can find nothing dealing with these two crying needs of New York. They have been working on the thing for seven years and they didn't even see the hole in Forty-fourth Street. What do I care about "belt lines" and "circumferential routes" to be ready in 1965? What do I care about 1965 anyway? I am just a butterfly, living in the present, and I want some service *now*. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

• •



"Is the lady of the house in?"

SEA CHANGE

IT'S not exactly clear to me how Eddie Guest and I happened to be together in a rowboat called Eloise on Central Park Lake. I looked up from my rowing and there he was, sitting in the stern, unconquerably lyric, vaguely open at the throat. He caught my eye and nodded amiably.

"Just call me pal, pal," he said.

Overhead were the awful cliffs of Fifty-ninth Street, threatening the sky; beneath us the lake, flip-flipping against the bottom of the boat. The lake was dotted with other boats—Maida, Daisy, Alys—drifting, splashing, bumping, or, propelled by those solitary young men whose dark and mysterious passion had lately made them terrible on the ice, scudding furious and deadly through the captive fleet.

"Just folks," said Mr. Guest with a wave of his hand. "Folks everywhere. You gotta love 'em, pal."

We were rowing close to the bank. The park sidewalks, sloping into the water less than an oar's-length away, were lined with benches occupied by altogether admirable bums, yawning and spitting at the yellow-eyed ducks.

"Failures?" said Mr. Guest, indicating them with the stem of what the *Saturday Evening Post* has taught me to identify as a jimmy pipe. "Or dreamers? The world that judges men by their coats would call 'em failures, but what can the world know about a man's heart? How can we know what tenderness, what golden dreams lie under that ragged coat there?"

He pointed to a magnificent remnant, at the moment engaged in salvaging a cigar butt with the toe of his shoe.

"I'll bite, pal," I said. "Why don't you ask him?"

I'm not sure whether Mr. Guest intended to ask him or not, because just then a pretty lady came strolling down the sidewalk. The remnant looked

after her appreciatively and then, turning back, met Mr. Guest's sympathetic eye. He grinned and winked.

"Nice number, ain't it, kid? Reminds me the time I was down in Tia Juana. Geest, one street down there . . ."

Responsive to the pain about Mr. Guest's sensitive mouth, I rowed on.

"Dross, pal?" I suggested. Mr. Guest said nothing.

HIS mood lightened a minute later, however, as we approached a boat drifting aimlessly along in the shadow of the overhanging trees. A man and a girl were in it; her arm, bare to the elbow, trailing in the water, a picture hat obscuring her bent head. Somehow you felt certain she was beautiful. The man was leaning forward looking at her ardently and talking in a low voice. The oars trailed useless in the locks. It was a pretty picture.

"The mating season," murmured Mr. Guest softly. "'The love of a man for a maid'—it gets at the old heart some way, doesn't it?"

I was saved from replying as we drifted closer and the man's voice suddenly became audible.

"Listen, baby," he was saying. "One more crack like that outa you and I'll hang one on your eye! I'm telling you your old lady don't come to live with us and that's final, see?" He looked up and scowled as he saw our boat. "On your way, brother," he said menacingly, "before I have to wrap one of these oars around your neck."

WE rowed in silence out to the middle of the lake. Again, however, Mr. Guest's depression proved passing.

"That's the old U. S., pal," he said brightly. "We're a little ashamed of being so soft-hearted and we pretend to be hard-boiled to try and hide it. Let anybody be in trouble or anything . . ."

Before he could finish there was a crash behind me and Eloise careened dangerously. By the time I could turn around the boat that had hit us had drifted away, but the lady in its stern was still audible.

"Ast the little guy did he get any splinters in hisself," she called, offering me a vast and golden smile. Their gaiety lingered as they rowed away. I turned to find Mr. Guest seated in the bottom of the boat, full equally of splinters and philosophy.

"Probably somebody's mother, pal," he said, hitching himself painfully back on the seat. "Never forget that."

"Sure," I said, "Al Capone's."

Mr. Guest murmured "Aw, pal" reproachfully and subsided. Presently, however, his lips began to move:

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Though she's painted and bedizened
Is no reason that she isn't
Worthy of a kinder fate than jeers.
Though her tongue is rough and common
Doesn't make her less a woman—

"What rhymes with 'jeers,' pal?"

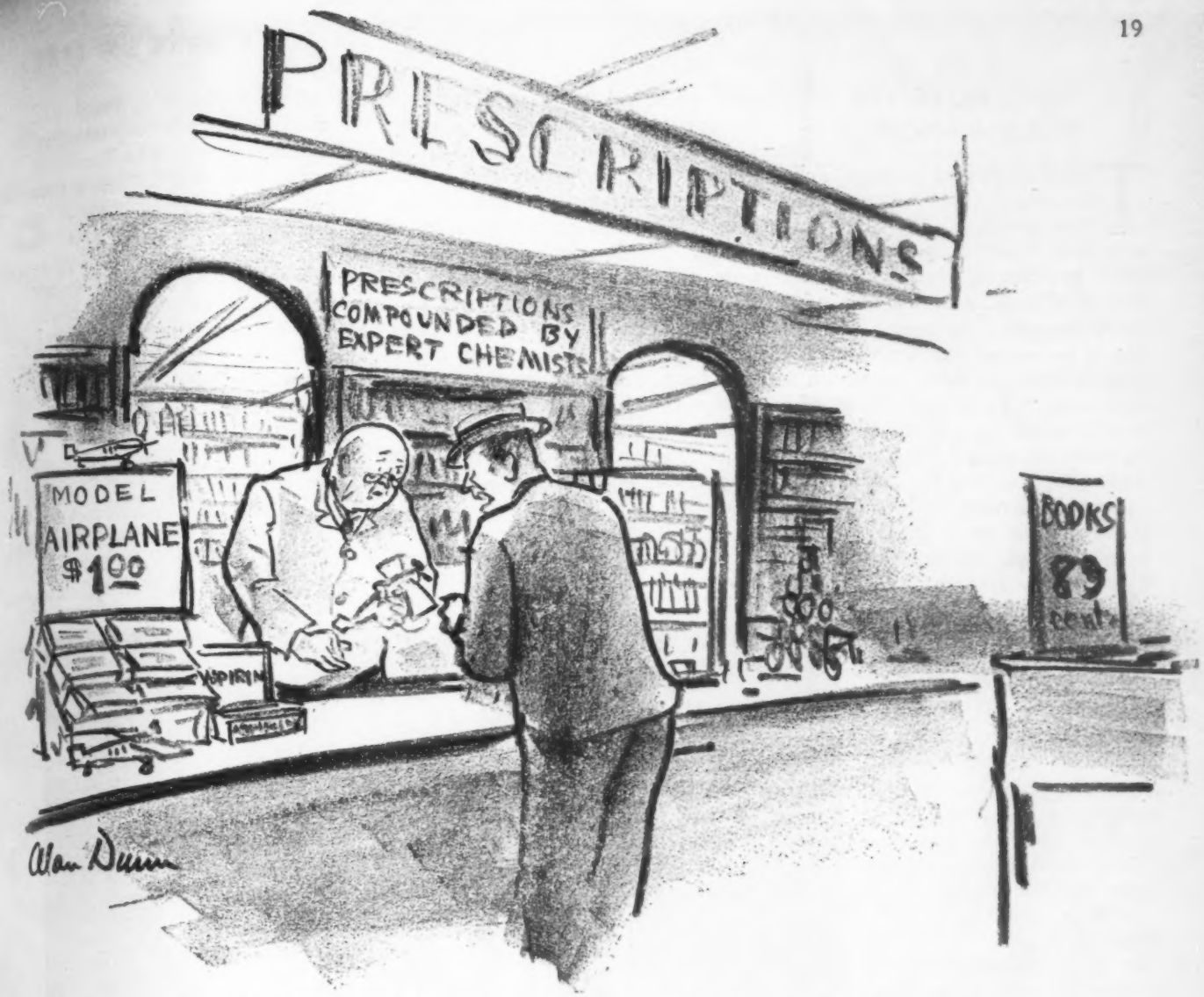
"Beers," I said. "Watch the old head, pal!"

It was too late though. We were rowing under a bridge and the red-headed child on the parapet timed our approach exactly. The newspaper bundle which he released seemed to hesitate over Mr. Guest's head before it fell and split, spilling a little cataract of banana peels, paper napkins, and bread crusts. Although he had succeeded in clearing away most of the débris, it seemed to me my companion's face had undergone a subtle change when we came out on the other side and looked up to see the child peering expectantly over the edge. His voice, however, was still mild, albeit a trifle strained: "Mustn't do that, little man."

"Yah," shrilled the infant, hopping up and down in a frenzy of evil excitement. "You dassen come up. Me ol' man's a cop. You dassen come up. Me ol' man's a cop. . . ."

Distance eventually took us out

"My dear, it's nothing! Really!"



"Good Lord, man! How do you ever manage to keep your job when you don't know any more than that about aviation!"

• •

of earshot of this lyric, and Mr. Guest smiled wanly. "The trouble with us, pal, is we forget how to play . . ."

"You've still got some banana or something on your collar," I said.

WE were in a little arm of the lake now. The sidewalks had disappeared and green banks pressed close on either side. It was a moment of rare, almost intolerable peace, and suddenly the one thing appeared to make it perfect. A little old lady, fragile and wistful, stepped timidly to the shore and called to us.

"Excuse me, sir," she said anxiously, "but I wonder if you've seen a little boy anywhere? A little red-headed boy. He went to throw away some rubbish a little while ago and he hasn't come back. I'm his grandmother. I was worried about him."

Mr. Guest got perilously to his feet and beamed at her.

"A little red-headed boy?" he asked. "With a bundle wrapped in newspaper?"

"Yes."

Mr. Guest's smile was almost a benediction.

"It seems to me I *did* see a boy like that."

At that moment the perverse breeze freshened, caught the raised bow of the boat, and swung it sharply toward the shore. Mr. Guest lost his balance, staggered, and clawed vainly at the air. He fell clear of the boat and vanished in a fountain of spray. For a moment the water was quiet and then his face reappeared. It was transformed, diabolical.

"About that little boy," he said. "A very amusing thing happened to him."

"Oh what, sir?" said the little old lady.

"He got drowned," said Mr. Guest. "He fell off that bridge back there and got drowned. Most amusing."

"Oh!"

"Any more questions?" said Mr. Guest briskly, and then, as we watched in horror, sank forever beneath the cold and bitter waters of the lake.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

THE WORD NOT SPOKEN

The single word you did not say
Made a dark secret of the day.
Your silence shaped that word in air:
A five-point star it glittered there.
It was not kindness held it so
Poised, and as I turned to go
I saw it threaten me before
It flashed down like a meteor.

—Genova Charlot

SOUR NOTE ON FOLK-DANCING

TALK about your menaces. Folk-dancing is a worse menace than lady aviators. Probably there is a folk dance in progress, somewhere in America, every hour of the day. Our land is in the grip of a superstition that folk-dancing is lovely; that it is woodsy and healthful and genteel; that the more amateurish it is the nicer. Look in the wings of a theatre, behind the portières in the living-room, or among the trees on the lawn. What do you find? You find a puppet, a Grecian maiden, a morris-dancer, a gypsy, or an Indian princess, ready to dance. Wherever I go—to the opera or a play, to a college commencement or the dedication of a world-war memorial, to a concert or a movie, a revival meeting or a strawberry social—just as I am feeling at ease and really getting to know people, just as everything is jake, someone nudges me and says, "Oh-h, l o o k ! Aesthetic dances!" "Aesthetic dances" is another name for folk-dancing.

For a moment I wait, thinking it may be a pageant. If someone thrusts a five-pound souvenir program into my hands it is a pageant and I know how to act. Taking advantage of the bustle and twitter in the audience, I slip to my hands and knees, crawl to the centre of the pageant, lose myself in the Indian village, and vanish. A pageant always starts with an Indian village, proceeds through the discovery of the Mississippi River, and ends with the Spirit of 1929.

If it is not a pageant, if there is no chance of escaping unobserved, I simply pull my hat down over my eyes. Then I stick my fingers in my ears, because if there is anything worse than folk-dancing it is the music that goes with it. Fauns-at-play music. Pixie, trip-it, trip-it music. Merry, roguish music.

There are as many varieties of aesthetic dancing as there are varieties of nickel candy. There is the woodland idyl. The woodland idyl opens with a batch of nymphs dancing for joy. They have a big square of chiffon and after fifteen minutes of capering they rush to the centre of the floor or sward and the chiffon fills with air and rises like a bubble. This is a cinch to do but every time it happens the onlookers beam and purr as though the girls had out-tapped Bill Robinson. Then in comes the satyr—you know, cloven hoofs. You needn't watch very closely; any chump can see that at the proper place in the music the satyr will catch one of the girls. Yet the spectators do not walk out; they applaud. This mentality must get out of America.

There are the peasant dances. Peasants in native costumes having no end of a lark at a village fair. Most uninteresting. Each nationality has special tricks. The Russians sit down and shoot their heels out in front of them. Any vaudeville hoofer can do it; no self-respecting vaudeville hoofer should. The Spanish are forever swirling. Swirling and bending way back. The Oriental dancers have the Spanish beat for bending, though, if they only knew it. Oriental dancers bend back and walk on their hands, upside down, more often than not. It's no good, though. Everyone has seen it before. Hungarians are punk. They put their hands on their hips and cock their heads to one side. The Dutch are always knocking their wooden shoes together. Their dances are quite dull.

"Gee, it's great to be with a growing organization, Mary."

The French powder their hair and take sides for a minuet. I looked up minuet in the dictionary. It said: "Minuet —a slow, graceful dance consisting of a coupee, a high step, and a balance." That's what it said in the dictionary.

Then there is the ballet. Two dozen tulle skirts, forty-eight flat feet, and you have a ballet. There is, and there must not continue to be, the dying swan.

This menace must be dealt with. Folk-dancing must go. If Americans must caper, let them caper outside the law; let them caper in jail. Let our theatres be dedicated to the drama, our college commencements to the awarding of diplomas, our greenswards to golf. Especially, let there be no more morris-dancing. Morris-dancing is nonsense.

—Frances Warfield

• •

ADVICE TO A TRESPASSER

There are several ways of crossing barbed-wire fences
According to your inner differences
  On various occasions. Seize a post
  And climb and teeter, and if something's lost
From hand or leg in jumping, say that skin
Is minor penalty for that bright sin
  Of trespassing. Another way's to spread
  The wire, bend double, get your graceless head
Through first. The rest of you will follow after,
Severely scratched and panicky with laughter.

In search of stargrass or blackberry plunder,
I always drop to earth, roll quickly under,
  And come up sandy, grass-stained, nearly whole.
  But he who trespasses must heed his soul,
Find his own devilish and delightful knack
For crossing fences—and for getting back.

—Frances M. Frost

• •

OF ALL THINGS

DAWES says that the reduction of armaments must be brought about by statesmen, not by technical experts. The Ambassador is working around nicely to our theory that the nations must first sink their admirals.

•

According to the new rules of the Senate a member may reveal how he voted at a secret session. It would be pretty tragic if nobody asked him.

•

In accepting the Socialist nomination for mayor, Norman Thomas said: "There is a certain assurance with which a perpetual bride walks to the altar." This wedding always brightens our June and practically ruins our November.

•

Congress has passed the Farm Board bill and voted a half-billion dollars to make it work. The cost, of course, will be added to the city board bill.

•

John Haynes Holmes says that the middle class is not drinking today. At any rate we can all agree that people who are not drinking are in a class by themselves.

•

The saddest thing about college commencements is the graduation of football stars. An All-American back suddenly becomes an old grad, the lowest form of biological life.

•

The unrighteous were gleeful over the revelation that Bishop Cannon was a speculator in a New York bucket shop. Some Smith Democrats sank so low as to break into applause.

•

The Interborough wants a ten-cent fare for the elevated. It is believed that this would force many patrons to the subway, where they are needed to stop up some cracks.

•

Mussolini agrees to the limitation of land armaments, provided no continental nation be allowed a larger army than Italy's. Parity, he says, begins at Rome.

•

After all, the prohibition agents have some justification for shooting every motorist they see. If he isn't a dealer he is probably a customer.

•

During the hot spell there were many casualties hereabouts. No list, we regret to say, contained the name of the author of "New York as a Summer Resort."

—Howard Brubaker

"I wonder what set those Babbitts travelling."

PROFILES

HUNTER OF THE SNARK

Roy Chapman Andrews

"Just the place for a snark," the Bellman cried,
As he landed his crew with care.
—LEWIS CARROLL

NINE years ago Roy Chapman Andrews set out with a hardy band of scientists for the trackless Gobi, because he surmised that the Mongolian desert would afford a suitable hunting ground for semi-mythical monsters. To date no snarks have been reported, but he has trailed to their stony lairs the giant baluchitherium, the battering-ram-nosed titanothere, and the terrible andrewsarchus. He has dug up the eggs of the nice little protoceratops, a dinosaur almost small enough for a child to play with. And best of all, he has foiled the perils which lurk in Chinese revolutions and disturbances in Mongolia.

Mr. Andrews is the Bellman of the Central Asiatic Expedition, sent out by the American Museum of Natural History. The improbable remains of the beasts above mentioned are now in glass cases at Central Park West and Seventy-seventh Street, and Mr. Andrews has gone back to Asia to look for more. This is the ninth year of the big expedition which, under his command, has found the first dinosaur eggs, the largest land mammal known, the largest carnivore known—all fossils, of course—and hundreds of other scientific tidbits. It has also dispelled much of the mystery which shrouded the source of animal life on the globe. Asia now holds a clear title.

To those who know him only on the lecture platform, the Bellman is a comparatively pallid Mr.—or Doctor—Andrews, wearing the scholarly pince-nez with the long black ribbon. A narrow inspection reveals, however, that he is a gentleman of tough physique, lean but not stringy, with the type of long horse face which looks particularly at home under a broad-brimmed Stetson. Two or three years ago Brown University gave him an honorary Sc. D. in recognition of his researches in Asia, and he has been heaped with other academic rewards. Scientifically, however, his sphere is really the study of mammals, in which he holds an M.A. from Columbia. He is regarded as the leading authority on whales.

Oddly enough, the Central Asiatic discoveries which have made him so famous are in fields in which he is little more than an excellent amateur: paleontology, geology, and archeology. His immense service to the expeditions has been as a leader and organizer. The undertaking was fathered in his imagination; he planned where and how the party was to work, and it was he who conceived the bright idea of exploring the Gobi desert by motor. That *tour de force* has made it possible to cover in each season territory which would have required ten years by camel train.

FOR a long time the officers of the Museum have felt an almost superstitious confidence that an expedition sent out under Andrews would return with the bacon. For one thing it would not be bogged in difficulties with natives of any description. The Bellman is a past master in dealing with such complications as Mongolian religious eccentricities and Chinese bandits. With the latter he and his party have had only two close calls, partly because they make a point of travelling with rifles nonchalantly displayed.

On one occasion they had been cautioned by a Chinese commandant that there were no troops further than forty miles out, and that armed men beyond that point would be there for no good purpose. They had gone eighty miles when they were accosted by a band who described themselves as soldiers detailed to escort the party. It was a ticklish situation, especially as they might possibly be soldiers after all. Mr. Andrews, who has a grim effectiveness in these crises, called for their papers and found them in order, save for a certain stamp. In the tense moment which followed he uttered the Chinese equivalent for get the so-and-so out of here. Everyone was relieved when they took this advice.

He has another talent. Strictly speaking, it has nothing to do with exploring, but it is an indispensable item in the modern explorer's equipment. I refer to the plausible charm which woos large gifts of money from millionaires, and turns the dry achievements of science into something with popular appeal. Mr. Andrews has an excellent sense of publicity, and this, as much as his more primeval qualities, has contributed to the triumphs of the Central Asiatic expeditions. He also possesses whatever it takes to make a big hit as a lecturer—one of the requisites, one suspects, being a natural taste for the platform.

He has a rather conscious gift for phrase. "Adventures?" he once replied to a group of reporters. "It's an explorer's business not to have adventures." Obviously, he went on, adventures constituted a slip-up in one's plans; they interfered with business.

Or he will say: "You know, *we* weren't the first to discover those dinosaur eggs." The auditor gapes in astonishment, and Mr. Andrews smoothly continues: "They were discovered by the dune dwellers about twenty thousand years ago."

DESPITE the black-ribboned pince-nez and the scientific ruffles and

flourishes, Mr. Andrews is at bottom that ancient type, the hero of the chase, the Nimrod. All his life he has been a hunter and collector, and what he is doing now is simply a glorified version of what he did as a boy, when he roamed the woods around Beloit, Wisconsin.

He always intended becoming a naturalist, but that he actually became one is owing largely to his mother, obviously an unusual woman. She had the rare intelligence to encourage her offspring's natural bent, instead of trying to squelch it. His father, too, was a help and not a hindrance. In the matter of firearms, for example, if Roy, at six, pointed the merest wooden pistol at anybody, parental wrath descended. Consequently he was mature enough at nine to have his first real shotgun. He taught himself taxidermy from books, and the first bird he mounted is now in the Museum.

AFTER graduation from Beloit College in 1906, he headed for New York and the goal of his dreams, the American Museum of Natural History. The legend is that his sterling qualities were recognized at once by Dr. H. C. Bumpus, then the Museum director. What happened was this:

Young Mr. Andrews was at first informed that the Museum staff had no vacancy.

Mr. Andrews: "But you have to have someone to scrub the floors, don't you?"

Dr. Bumpus: "Well, yes, but a man with your education doesn't want to start his career scrubbing floors."

"I don't want to wash just any floors, but the Museum floors are different," countered the adroit young man. He got the job.

He may actually have washed the floor once or twice, but his real work was in the preparations department mounting birds. Wider fields soon opened. The taxidermist engaged in building the ninety-foot model whale—the same which even now hangs between the second and third floors of the Museum—was unable to give the monster a lifelike appearance. The fresh-water Mr. Andrews was called in to complete this deep-sea undertaking, and so plunged for the first time into the study of cetaceans. His first expedition was to Amagansett, Long Island, to get the skeleton of a whale which had stranded on the beach. This was less humorous than it sounds, as the carcass had been cut up and the bones were separated, half buried in the sand and awash in freezing water. But Andrews came home with every last little bone, and the Museum authorities were delighted. They promptly dispatched him to the St. Lawrence to bring home a specimen of the white whale.

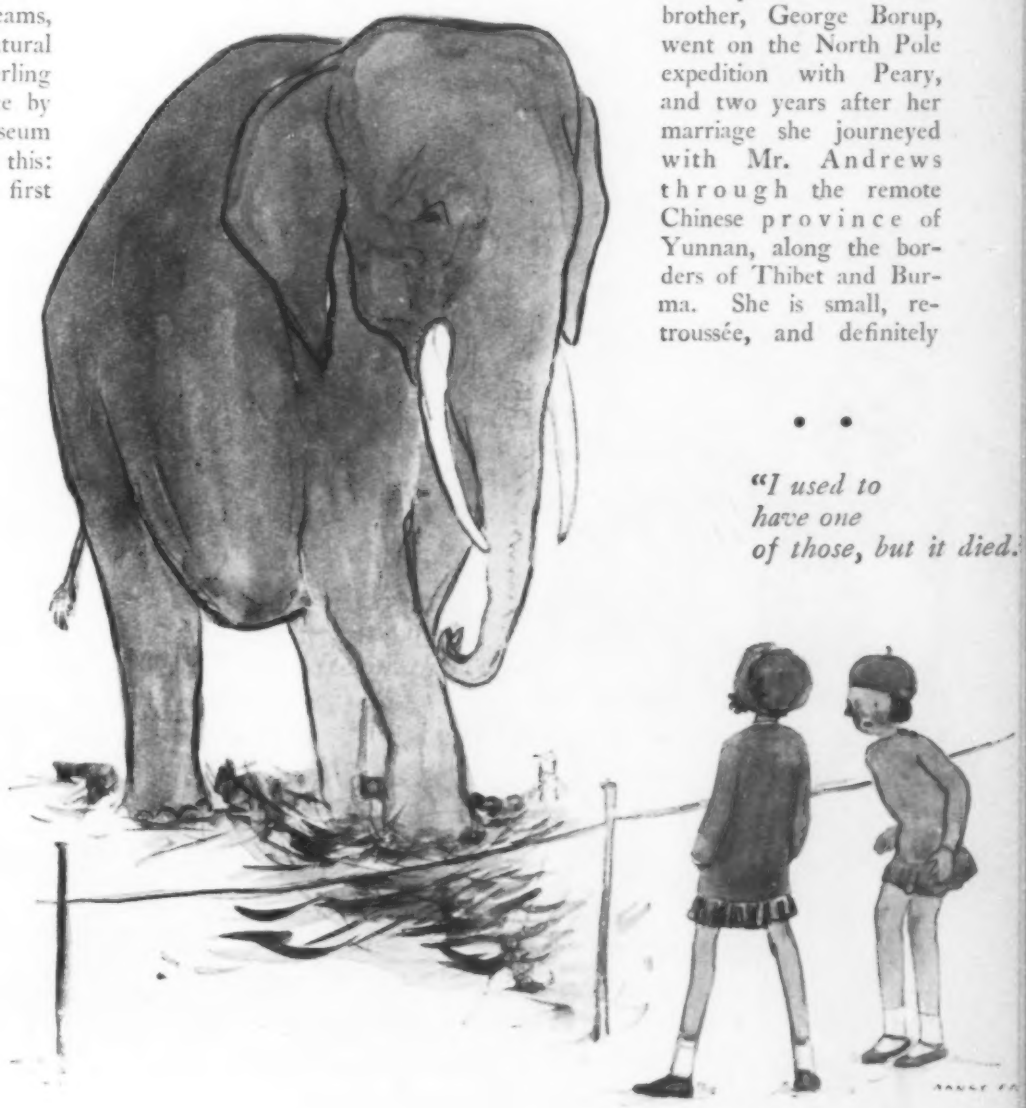
THE layman is a little puzzled at first to know why the Museum people are in such raptures over Andrew's diplomatic abilities, but the answer comes to light in time; scientific capacities, it seems, are not too commonly combined with social ones. In 1908 he was sent to study the whaling industry from Vancouver to Alaska. Although he suffered horribly from seasickness on the little whaling steamers, he got marvellous photographs and many facts, owing largely to the competent way he handled himself with a polyglot gang of roughnecks. Upon his return, the Museum was invited to place a man on board the U.S.S. Albatross, as the navy's guest on a two-year observation trip in the East Indies; and while the problem here was notably different, still it, too, called for personal qualities. Andrews was the man, and again he delighted his elders by having social as well as scientific successes.

Later he visited the Japanese and Korean whaling stations, and discovered a new species of whale; he crossed the jungles of northern Korea; he went on the Borden Alaska expedition in 1913. Before he was thirty the assured, sandy-haired young man was referred to as *the* authority on ocean mammals.

AT about this time he married a lady named Yvette Borup, who can hold up her own end when it comes to exploration. Her brother, George Borup, went on the North Pole expedition with Peary, and two years after her marriage she journeyed with Mr. Andrews through the remote Chinese province of Yunnan, along the borders of Thibet and Burma. She is small, retroussée, and definitely

• •

"I used to have one of those, but it died."

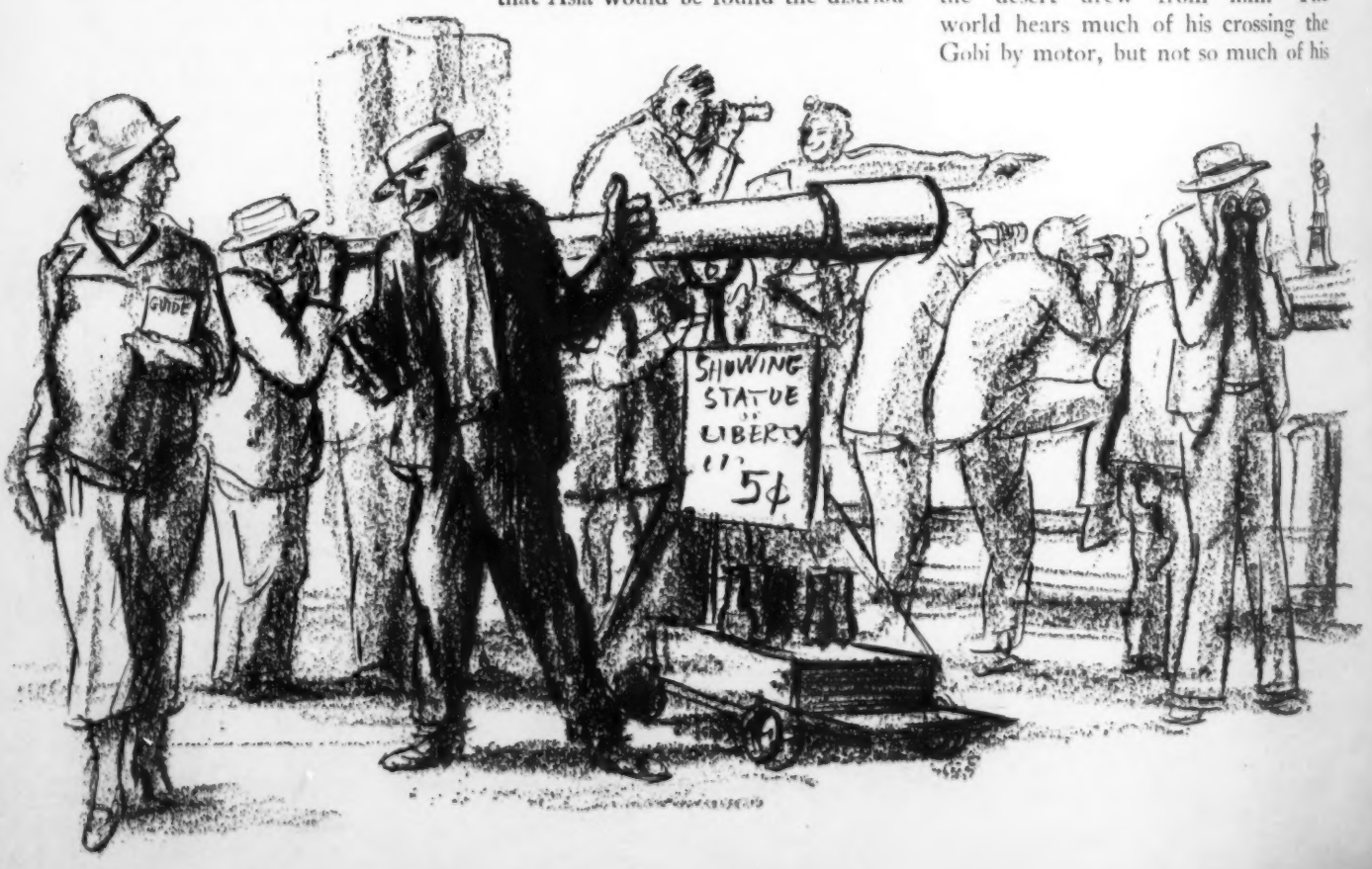


attractive—qualities of the highest importance in a lady explorer. But she is also an excellent photographer, and she took the pictures on this and subsequent trips.

She no longer goes with Mr. Andrews since the launching of the big expeditions, which are so strenuous and so overwhelmingly male as to present difficulties. She is in England now with their two sons, who are at a school in Oxford. But until recently they were all together in a lovely old Chinese house in Pekin, where Mr. Andrews makes his headquarters during the winter, when the expedition is outfitting. If asked how soon he plans to take the boys along, his answer is sharp: "Not until they've finished school!" George, the older, who is about twelve, is already crazy to go, but his father knows what a sniff of the wild does to the ordered, contemplative life.

TO the Museum, the outcome of the Asiatic expeditions has supplied the sweet taste of "I told you so." In 1900, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, now the Museum's president, committed himself to prophecy. He said that Asia would be found the distribution centre of animal life on the earth, and probably of human life. With this prediction in mind, the Yunnan trip had been a general stock-taking expedition on the southeastern edge of the central Asian plateau, and the next year, 1918, Mr. Andrews was sent to do the northeastern part.

He saw Mongolia for the first time, crossing to Urga in an automobile, and fell tumultuously in love with that high, hot, empty country, naked of everything but color. Ordinarily he is a competent but hardly an illumined writer, who sticks to the sort of thing the public appreciates. Among the mildly interesting commonplaces in his books and in his articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, it is almost startling to find such an outburst of emotion as the desert drew from him. The world hears much of his crossing the Gobi by motor, but not so much of his



own first reaction to that performance:

My heart was hot with resentment that this thing had come. I realized then that, for better or for worse, the sanctity of the desert was gone forever. Camels will still plod their silent way across the age-old plains, but the mystery is lost. The secrets which were yielded up to but a chosen few are open now to all, and the world and his wife will speed their noisy course across the miles of rolling prairie, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, knowing nothing of that resistless desert charm which led men out into the great unknown.

ON this trip he had observed certain eroded formations which he knew were a likely hunting ground for fossils, and he reported as much to Professor Osborn, who judged that the time was now ripe. Early in 1921 Andrews left Pekin with a mammoth expedition composed of seven Dodge cars, about a hundred and twenty-five camels, and some fifteen assorted scientists and motor-transport people. It has been in operation ever since, having done field work in the warm months of 1922, 1923, 1925, and 1928—the Gobi is too cold for winter maneuvers. In the intervening years the party has been held up by political disturbances of a violent order.

You can see the members of the expedition in photographs, burned almost black by a sun which often sends the mercury up to a hundred and forty degrees. At night the temperature drops to seventy, and this atmospheric routine is varied by shrieking, raving yellow sandstorms which tear tents to ribbons and fill miserable eyes, ears, and noses with sand. In camp the party goes about its several tasks under the blazing sky, map-making, digging, and working away with delicate instruments and little whiskbrooms to remove the fossils from their rock and gravel beds. Mr. Andrews shoots specimens of game for the Museum, and it is interesting to see that he still has that curious adolescent mixture of the hunting instinct with a great affection for individual animals. He is always bringing up pet owlets and eaglets, or bottle-feeding a baby deer.

LIKE most men of mark, he is a glutton for work. His books have been composed in such odd intervals as are afforded by train journeys, or by three weeks in the hospital for an operation on his collarbone. On his rare visits to New York he has little time for anything except money-raising, answering the telephone, preparing lectures, and receiving medals. He does manage, however, to see something of his friends, among whom are Professor Osborn and the latter's two sons, Perry and Fairfield, Jr.; George Palmer Putnam, Douglas Burden, and Dr. George Sherwood, the Museum director. He usually stays with one of them while he is in town. On his last visit it was Professor Osborn who entertained him; this time it was Sidney Colgate. Polo is the one recreation which he will not allow to be pushed aside. Before sailing for the East last March he played as guest in polo clubs all up and down the Pacific Coast.

Most people derive a thrill from public applause, but they often feel called upon to hide their delight behind a vast pomposity. Roy Chapman Andrews has better sense than that; he enjoys it without pretence. In fact, if one were allowed the dubious privilege of changing places with people, he would be a good person to change with. Probably few men are having a better time.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

INTELLECTUAL DIVERSIONS

THE BOHEMIAN

Who is this dreadful girl?
I see her about a great deal.
Her eyes have the look of a squirrel
Suggesting you give him a meal.

You'll find her in Russian cafés
And sly little grottoes of gin,
Consuming the beef that they braise,
And drinking the wine that they thin.

You'll find her where Polish and French
Are mumbled by Arab and Lett;
Where you sit by a wall on a bench
And eat pretty much what you get.

And, of course, exhibitions and teas,
And congested *théâtres intimes*:
Silly spots where a general squeeze
And impossible art are supreme.

She'd like you to think, if you would,
That Vienna or Moscow or some
Little place that is equally good
Is the sort of a place that she's from.

And maybe you do or do not.
I connect her right off with a shawl.
I don't think she's awfully hot—
I don't want to meet her at all.

—DAVID MCCORD

•

At 3 o'clock the mercury read 90 degrees, and silk-clad women and coatless men gasped and swore.—*The Evening Post.*

The swearing of silk-clad women only makes it seem hotter.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FOOD FOR THE IRONISTS

THE setting (you are somewhat familiar with it from the press dispatches) was in the grand manner: two miles of wide and level beach flung along the coast of Maine, with the sea beating in past two low headlands and gulls swirling against the gray sky and two airplanes facing toward the soft line of the horizon beyond which lay three thousand miles of ocean, Europe, and their goal. In the expansiveness of that setting, in the savage difficulties of the task that lay ahead of the flying men (the fact that the ocean had been crossed before did not much lessen those difficulties), in the slender curves of the wings that presently would be thrown against the North Atlantic hurricanes—in the accumulation of these elements there was something that simply demanded meditation upon the mysterious Gentleman who dwells abaft Arcturus and manipulates the controls of this perfect universe. A grinning pagan, peering upon that scene, could not have failed to wonder how far Chance would go to give these adventurers a hand, or to destroy them.

WILLIAMS and Yancey, the American pair, were seasoned and thoughtful and quiet fellows, past their first youth and full of an earnest determination to make their flight to Rome a success. The idea of such a flight originated with Williams three years ago, and during all that time he had planned with the utmost care, setting himself to avoid by premeditation the most remote items of misfortune. He had chosen for his ship a duplicate of that which Chamberlin used in his successful crossing of the ocean—a Bellanca—and for his engine one that had never failed on a prolonged flight—a Whirlwind. To satisfy himself that the engine was sound, he flew it more than forty thousand miles in test flights, and then brought an expert from the factory with him to the beach to make certain that it was ready for the forty-five-hour journey that he planned.

Yancey, an old seaman, was a navigator of such excellence that two of his books on the subject are authorities, and he was utterly committed to the belief that nothing whatever should be left to luck. He was prepared to keep directly on his course, no matter what stress of wind and storm came upon the ship, and his elaborate equipment of instruments included the most perfect that are made.

They came to Old Orchard, those two who were to fly the Green Flash forty-seven hundred miles for a new distance record, determined that nothing should interfere with the serious business before them. They left their wives in New York to avoid the emotional strain of farewells. They refused even the mild cocktails that were offered them. They spent all their waking hours working over their ship or bent over maps behind the locked doors of their room. Twice gay guests of their hotel were quieted at their boisterous fun in the lobby with the admonition, "Hush! The fliers are sleeping."

On their first day at Old Orchard, two engineers of the gasoline company joined them, and a series of exhaustive tests began. Hour after hour the ship droned through the air above the little town, using up at various speeds the cautiously measured fuel in a removable test tank, or testing the accuracy of compasses, altimeters, turn and bank indicators—all the mass of delicate instruments. Once the ship was taken into thick fog at high altitudes to give the pilots experience of the blind flying that they would certainly encounter in the ocean crossing. Many times the mechanics labored all night long tuning the engine and testing the bracing of the craft.

It was determined, by long mathematical calculations, that the engine would perform at maximum fuel economy, over the distance that must be travelled, at precisely one thousand five hundred and forty revolutions per minute with a gasoline that weighed 6.1 pounds per gallon. The exact amount of oil that would be necessary was established, so that there might be sufficient without the excess load of an oversupply.

Three times every day, Yancey called the New York weather bureau by telephone and received minute reports as to the conditions over the route that he had chosen to follow: a route that he had settled upon after four years of studying Atlantic meteorology. From these reports he made a map, and posted it for the press representatives every evening, explaining his reasons for waiting. "We are in no hurry," he would say. "Our flight is being planned perfectly in every detail. It isn't a harebrained adventure, and we're taking no chances."

"Shall we go over to the Casino now, dear?"

THEN the French ship dropped down out of the sky to the Old Orchard beach. Lotti and Assollant and Lefevre had decided that the Roosevelt Field runway was too short, and they would need the long run of the Maine shingle if they were to lift the huge weight of their craft into the air. They thought—though they were not certain—that the Yellow Bird would weigh sixteen thousand pounds when it took off. And they thought—though they were not certain—that they would need at least six thousand feet of level earth.

Within a day, we were all full of sorrowing sympathy for those three intrepid Frenchmen. They had not the faintest notion of their own plans, except that they would take off at the

For summer sports

Do you serve Chocolates in Summer?

Someone does! . . . . . .

Figures for eleven years show the American people buy one-third more Samplers in July and August than in February and March.

It is the chosen assortment to sweeten outdoor sports; comrade of the car, the canoe, the yacht, the game of golf.

It cheers the summer camp and the seashore cottage. It is the quiet but effective support of the strenuous, happy life out of doors.

And it can be bought conveniently, and fresh, wherever summer trails may take you.

Whitman's Sampler

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Because it affords opportunity for the gratification of individual taste, the Custom Eight by Packard is in increasing favor.

The complete line includes three open and six closed models, graceful, distinctive, dependable, powerful.

Built on a 140-inch wheelbase chassis, and equipped with the new, exclusive Packard Shock Absorbing System, these models provide luxurious comfort for perfect motoring.

These early summer days are ideal for a demonstration drive. A phone call brings the preferred model to your door.

Priced from $3320 to $4155, delivered.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one

first break in weather and try to get to Paris. Their ship was huge—an experimental Bernhard with an experimental engine—and nobody on earth knew very well what it would do in the air. Little Assollant—a pink-faced boy who looked like a midget perched in the cockpit of his great craft—promptly fell in love with a blonde girl. Lefevre, the navigator of the outfit, produced a little gadget that he had made out of two bits of cardboard: a sort of needle that turned about in a circle, saying that he would use it to keep on his course. Lotti was worried and restless because his mechanic somehow had got lost in the shuffle and did not arrive at Old Orchard.

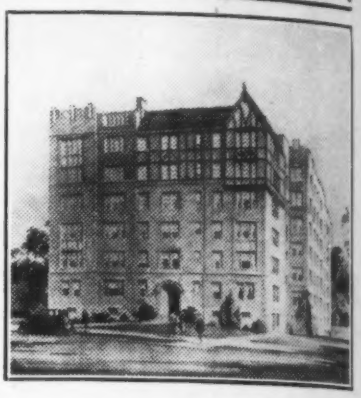
Everybody began to offer them help. Giuseppe Bellanca, builder of the American ship, was in a long conference with Lotti and persuaded him to abandon the Great Circle course that the Frenchman had planned to follow. "Your ship simply will not maneuver," Bellanca warned him. "If you get in cold fogs, and ice begins to form on your wings, you could never pull yourself out of it."

"Bon!" said Lotti. And without more argument he renounced the Great Circle course.

The gasoline people agreed to have twelve hundred gallons of fuel on the beach by morning, just by way of helping out. Chamberlin decided that the Yellow Bird's compass was no good, and lent the one that had guided him to Germany.

From the day the French ship landed on the beach until it made its first abortive start to Paris, two weeks later, it was never moved. A mechanic glanced over it once or twice, but the motor was never run, no test flights were made on fuel consumption, no effort was made to check the performance of an entire set of new instruments that somebody or other donated.

The Americans' timekeeping equipment consisted of seven split-second chronometer watches, and every day Yancey journeyed to the little Western Union office to get the Washington "tick" that comes over precisely at noon. He noticed that the French crew's only timepiece was a wrist-



Summer calls you to the COUNTRY

ETON LODGE is right in the country. Its windows overlook a garden terrace, lovely woods and the Bronx River, and yet it is only 38 minutes from Grand Central; 3 minutes from the Scarsdale station. It is a new 6 story elevator building, with all modern improvements, including electric refrigeration. A heated garage. Rentals are reasonable.

2, 3 and 4 rooms

R. W. MURRAY & CO., INC.
12 E. 41st Street Lexington 7920
or on premises

Eton Lodge
SCARSDALE MANOR

MRS. WILBUR LYON
500 Fifth Avenue Long 0856

Excellent Summer Rentals, City and Country. Choice unfurnished apartments and co-operatives, pent houses, terraces.

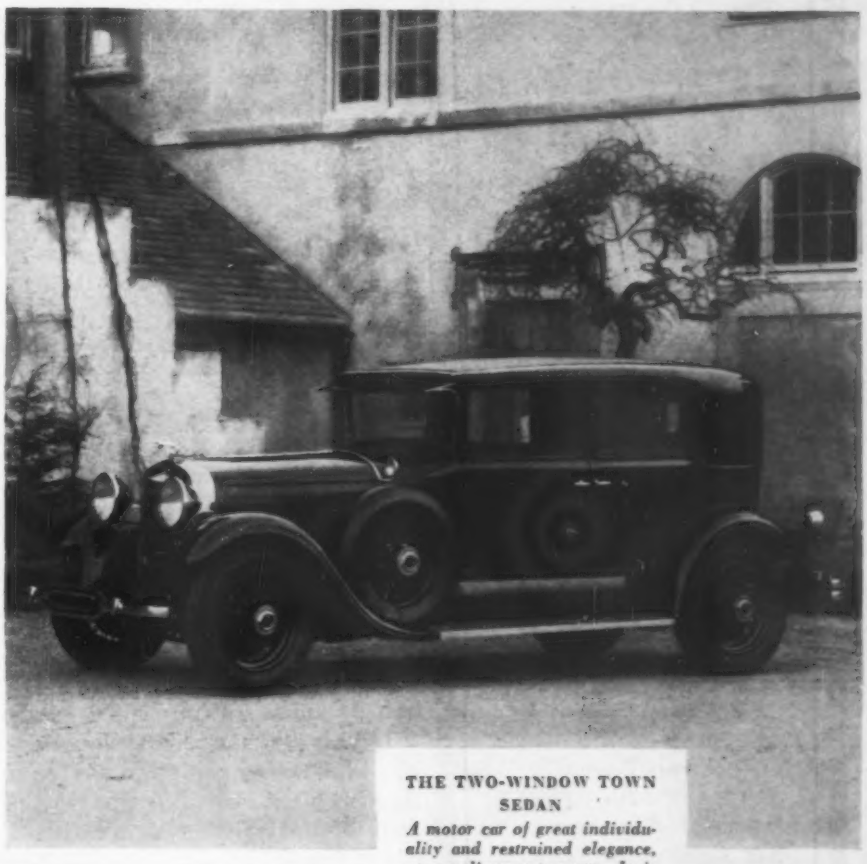
This Service is Free.

THERE IS A QUALITY ABOUT IT
EASY TO RECOGNIZE, BUT DIFFICULT TO DEFINE

When you see a Lincoln gliding along the avenue, or standing at rest before a well-known door, you may sense in it a quality which sets it apart, a little, in your mind—a quality which causes you to remember it, and recall its image, long after the more immediate concerns of the day are disposed of and forgotten.

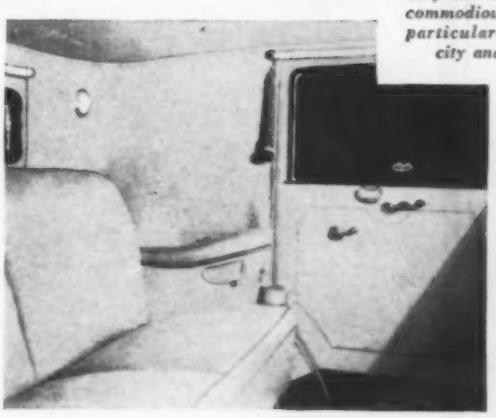
That quality is not easy to define. You might look for it in the grace and balance of the car, its comfort, its smooth and effortless performance. You might see it in the basic design and engineering, or the restrained elegance of its appointments. . . . But as a matter of fact, it is from all these things collectively that the Lincoln derives its character. And the key-note of that character is sincerity.

Sincerity. In this one word is summed up the whole principle of Lincoln construction. To build an automobile without compromise, without concession, in accordance with the highest ideals of efficacy and beauty . . . that is the wish of the makers of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."



THE TWO-WINDOW TOWN SEDAN

A motor car of great individuality and restrained elegance, commodious yet smart. It is particularly convenient for city and suburban use.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

If an apartment is more *skilfully* planned ...if employees are more *capable*..if service is more *complete* ...it is because the builder has tried more *conscientiously* to make it so.

◆

Occupancy Early Summer 1929

33 EAST 70th STREET
8-10-13 Rooms

30 EAST 71st STREET
9 and 12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
Studio Living Rooms
3 to 8 Rooms

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

◆

For Immediate Occupancy

911 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
Duplex Apartments
12 and 13 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

Write for brochure of Apartments from 3 to 13 rooms

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

watch, and moved by the same pity that all of us felt for these poor devils, he called Lefevre aside one morning.

"You are a navigator, I know," said Yancey. "But maybe you've forgotten that one minute's error in your time will throw you fifteen miles off your course."

He gave Lefevre one of his chronometers and showed him how to get the tick at the telegraph office. That was at noon. Toward six o'clock we saw Lefevre in the lobby of the hotel solemnly draw out his chronometer and set it forward five minutes to agree with the office pendulum clock. The next morning he came to Yancey with the regretful observation that he had forgotten to wind his chronometer the night before and would appreciate further instructions.

On the night before the first attempt at take-off, amiable volunteers pumped eleven hundred gallons of gasoline into the Yellow Bird. Yancey had told Lotti that the weather reports were favorable for the first time in two weeks, and the Frenchman had nodded his head sagely. "I will go tomorrow," he said.

EVERYBODY knows what happened the next morning. The American ship broke a wheel a hundred yards from the take-off line, and the French ship turned back after twenty minutes at sea with reports of a leaking gas tank. A little while after he had come back to the beach, Lotti confessed privately and ruefully that the leaking-gas story was "for the journalists."

"Vibration—*mon Dieu!*" he murmured. "I could not bear to look at the exhaust stacks. The engine was shaking itself out of the ship."

It turned out that he had an entirely wrong fuel mixture—far less benzol than he needed for his particular engine. The mechanic of the rival ship's engine

• •

A great bank was considering New Officers...

◆

THE five men needed must be beyond reproach in public and private life. McIntyre was retained. What he and his staff discovered decided the destinies of these five men, and protected the depositors of this great bank. McIntyre is an experienced investigator and adjuster, whose activities range from the recovery of crown jewels to the discovery of impostors who "crash" exclusive affairs. Those in need of confidential and effective investigations for any purpose will find McIntyre capable — swift — and sure.

◆

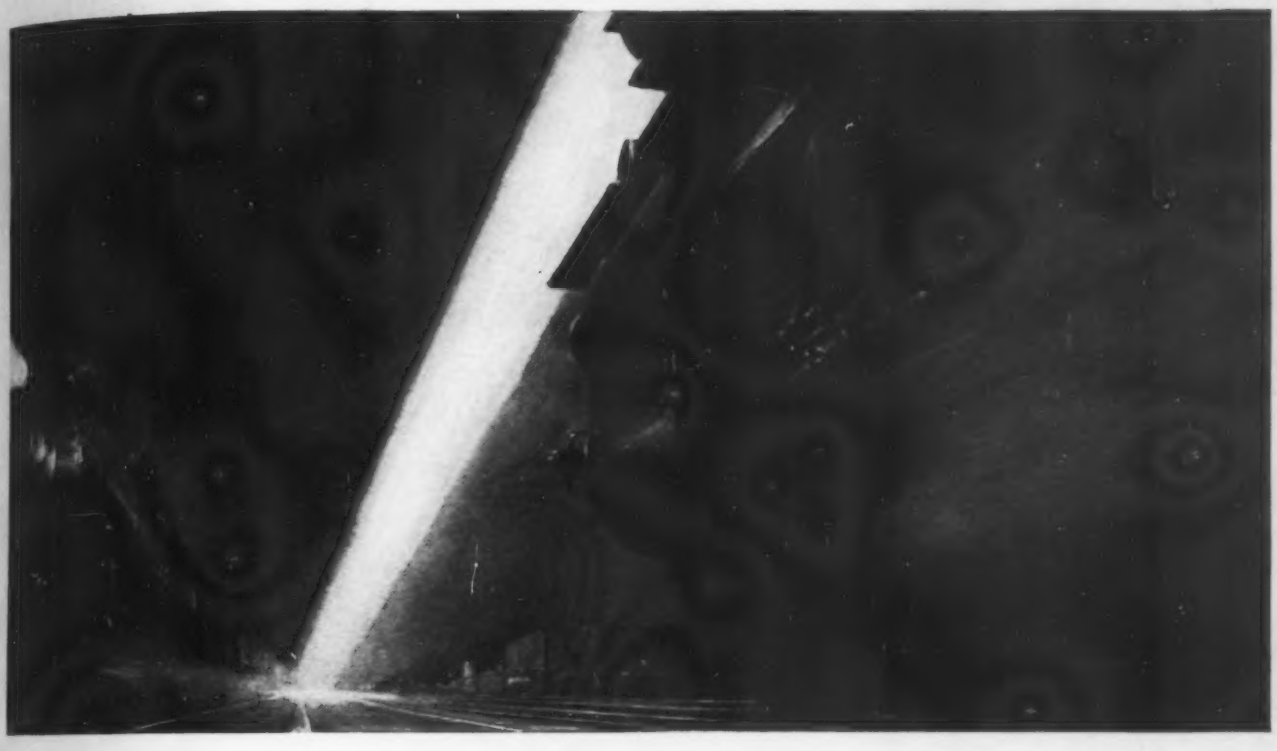
JOHN J.
McINTYRE
1133 BROADWAY • NEW YORK
Interview by Appointment Only Phone: WATkins 3137 2414
CABLE ADDRESS—JOHNMAC N. Y.

The Buckingham
57th St. & 6th Ave.
Unequalled for Location and Appointments
Unfurnished Suites
$1200 *to* $5000
Furnished Suites
For Occasional or Seasonal Residence
S. Gregory Taylor
President

Hospitality that is unique
WESTERN VIEW FARM
NEW MILFORD, CONN.
83 miles from Columbus Circle
Elevation 1,000 feet
TENTH SEASON
$8.00 a day—$49.00 a week
Phone New Milford 440
RIDING SWIMMING TENNIS

Every midnight at 12:16
The Broadway meets The Broadway

[20 HOURS BETWEEN NEW YORK & CHICAGO]



Scarcely the variation of a minute in their meeting! At the same hour (12:16 A. M. Daylight Saving Time) night after night—a few miles east of Pittsburgh—these great Limiteds of the Pennsylvania Railroad pass on their swift 20-hour journeys between Chicago and New York—New York and Chicago.

How airy and bright—this diner in the morning! Crisp, white linen—sparkling glassware—Smiling waiters! . . . The Broadway takes pride in its dining cars—the appetizing dishes, the courteous service, rich appointments!

A LOW HUM out of the darkness! Two bright, approaching lights! Long rails leaping into existence, shimmering—lit by a double glare . . . The Broadway eastbound! The Broadway westbound! . . . Like two swift meteors—meeting, passing—for one brief moment juxtaposed—then quick onrushing to their opposite goals! Twin leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America . . .

The Broadway Limited is the busy man's train. Between New York and Chicago its schedule is unsurpassed . . . 20 hours!

Also its terminal facilities offer advantages . . .

For in New York you can catch The Broadway at the same hour—either at the Pennsylvania Station in the heart of mid-town New York or—by a special connection—from the Hudson Terminal. And the Hudson Terminal is only four minutes' walk from Wall Street!

Equally convenient, if you are arriving in New York! You can check your bags through to the Pennsylvania Station or—for a small charge—to your hotel, office, or home . . . So you disembark at Pennsylvania Station at 8.40 A.M. (Standard Time) or at Hudson Terminal two minutes later—ready immediately for the day's activities.

In Chicago, The Broadway's terminal facilities offer equal advantages. Whether for arrival or departure—the Union Station is most convenient. New, magnificent, stately—it stands outside the confusion and congestion of "Loop" traffic. Yet the broad boulevards which radiate from it offer easiest access to business, hotels, the North and South Shores.

Like a private club . . .

The Broadway Limited is luxurious as it is swift! In the observation car—the club car—throughout the perfectly appointed train—are all the conveniences of a private club: valet, barber, shower-baths, ladies' maid, ladies' lounge, manicurist, unexcelled dining service.

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York:	
Pennsylvania Station . . .	1:55 P.M.
Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago: Englewood . . .	8:30 A.M.
Union Station . .	8:55 A.M.

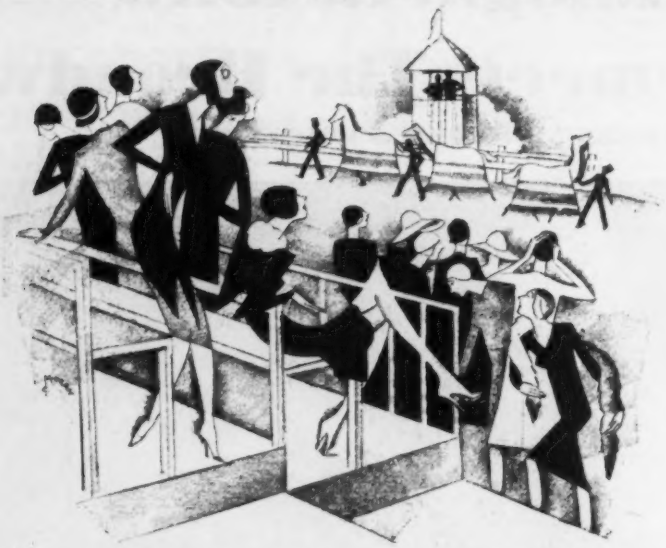
EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago: Union Station .	11:40 A.M.
Englewood . .	11:57 A.M.
Arrive North Philadelphia . . .	6:54 A.M.
New York: Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
Pennsylvania Station . .	8:40 A.M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"



Salvaging Life's Lost Moments

With the feature race still to be run . . . and after that, your own race against time to prepare a dinner worthy of you . . . rest easy —your problem is solved by

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken

Ready cooked, and packed in the container in which it is cooked under vacuum, Flavor Sealed Chicken is quickly served your favorite way.

Tender, meaty morsels, with all the savory juices saved by the exclusive Hormel process of cooking—the flavor *sealed* in. You'll be through with the old, tedious methods of cooking chicken, once you try it.

You can roast, fry, broil or serve Hormel Flavor Sealed Chicken cold. The jelled juices that surround it make delicious soups and gravies. Try one today—then plan to keep a reserve supply always handy on your pantry shelf.

Weights plainly marked on label. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed

HORMEL
MILK-FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

U.S. Inspected and certified

put him straight, and gave him detailed instructions as to fuel, mildly suggesting that test flights might help determine such important matters.

The next day, as it happened, a test flight was made. But someone forgot to withdraw a rag that had been stuffed into the carburetor port to prevent the beach sand from blowing in—and with the carburetor somewhat starved for air the test flight was not highly successful. But Lotti seemed thoroughly satisfied. That night villagers dragged the Yellow Bird out of the surf when the Frenchmen, forgetting that the tide would rise, left their plane just where they had landed it.

TWO weeks later, the weather came fair again. The fliers attended mass at the little church in the village, leaving volunteers to wear blisters on their hands pumping gasoline into the tanks of the two ships. The mechanic of the Yellow Bird, finally arrived, stood on the lofty wing and held the nozzle of the gasoline hose. In the dim light of the early morning we could see the fumes of the highly volatile fuel rising and spreading about the hangar, and we could also see that the mechanic was puffing diligently at a cigar. Our suggestion that he postpone his smoke was heard with great contempt for our cowardice and more urgent puffing.

Lotti and Assollant and Lefevre laughed at their breakfast and laughed as they got into their ship. The engine seemed to be running all right—what did it matter that their own government had peremptorily ordered the flight abandoned, believing the ship could not possibly carry them across the sea? The wings seemed sturdy—what did it matter that every aeronautical expert who had looked at them said they were inadequate, that they did not have spread enough to take off the huge load?

Further up the beach—seeking a longer runway despite the lighter weight of their ship—the Americans listened to their engine. Its mechanic had not left it for seventy-two hours, and it had run for more than an hour warming up. Williams drove up and down the beach in an automobile a dozen times to test the firmness of the sand. He was supposed to be first off, but he was being careful. He was guarding against another such accident as he suffered two weeks before.

Lotti came over to the Green

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V
C&C DRY
C & C PALE DRY GINGER ALE
THE FINEST GINGER ALE IN THE WORLD
Gantrell & Cochrane Ltd.
DUBLIN · · NEW YORK · · BELFAST

ATWATER KENT RADIO

JUST as you suit your own tastes in the house you live in, the car you drive, the clothes you wear, the furnishings of your home—so now you can harmonize your Atwater Kent with its surroundings.

Simplicity, compactness? Have it! Or do you prefer a bit of elaboration in a period design? Have it!

Do you want your radio to blend with the appointments of your living room—or dining room—or library—or a bedroom, perhaps? Now you can suit yourself, for . . .

The best American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to provide variety for Atwater Kent Radio in the finest cabinets. You can choose among the masterpieces of not just one or two cabinet specialists, but of many. And always the *radio* is a Screen-Grid Atwater Kent, welcomed as the biggest advance in radio since the advent of house-current sets two years ago.

At last beautiful radio and beautiful wood have been brought into proper relation with your needs and your tastes, and you have . . .

Your kind of radio in your own kind of cabinet —like your kind of picture in your own kind of frame.

JUST LIKE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ...OR SO DIFFERENT!

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4720 Wissahickon Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Flash. "Will you go now?" he asked. Williams said, "I want my engine to warm up a few minutes longer." "Then," said Lotti, "we go."

He stepped into his ship, and they were off. The motor, insufficiently warmed, spit once or twice. Three hundred feet along the runway —with a steel pier looming ahead— one wheel caught in the sand, and the ship yawed. Assollant cut his throttle, straightened the ship out, and went on. Fifty-one seconds later he repeated his superb take-off of a fortnight earlier —with three hundred precious feet cut from the length of his run by a mishap, and with a hundred and thirty pounds of impudent stowaway tucked into the tail of the ship, which experts had declared utterly incapable of taking off even with its prescribed load of crew and fuel. That take-off, so beautiful a thing in the sheer sweep and speed of its long curving line that I would not dare a description, so amazing in its airmanship, will always remain a marvel. And it will grow, some day, to the stature of a legend in matters of the air.

THIRTY hours later the Frenchmen laid their ship down on a Spanish beach—and the broken pieces of the American Green Flash were loaded on a train and returned to the factory.

The careless, thoughtless, ill-planned, and debonair flight had succeeded. The thoughtful, well-planned, scientific flight, wherein every conceivable precaution had been taken, was ended at its start when a water pocket suddenly loomed from the sand and caught one spinning wheel, wrecking the ship before ever it got into the air. Nothing could have prevented that accident to the flight of Yancey and Williams. Nothing, that is, save the attention of the Gentleman from Arcturus who, we may fancy, was grinning at the moment.

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

Birth control does make feasible this dissociation of interests which were once organically united. There are undoubtedly the best of reasons for dissociating them up to a point. But how completely it is wise to dissociate them is a matter to be determined not by saying how completely it is possible to dissociate them, but how much it is desirable to dissociate them.—*From "A Preface to Morals," by Walter Lippmann.*

Anybody want to go ski-jumping instead?

A New Miracle in Motor Luggage!

The Hartmann Motor Tourobe is available in several models. Price—completely equipped with running board fixture and cover—$30 to $50

The Hartmann Tourobe perches nonchalantly on your running board — can't shake loose — out of the way — easy to get at — off and on in a jiffy.

NO NEED now to warp yourself all out of shape when touring! Crowded, legs cramped — luggage sprawling all over the car.

The modern way—the smartest way—is to go with a Hartmann Tourobe or two. Here you have wardrobe trunk convenience—hangers, compartments, and all—in a case so small, so light it is carried by hand. Holds four to six suits or costume changes and all the accessories you'll need. Good-looking—anchors rigidly right onto the running board—out of the way—easy to get at—and for added protection against dust, a cover that zips on or off.

If you own a car, by all means own a Tourobe. They're one of the greatest investments in motoring comfort and convenience you can make. And they're just as wonderfully convenient for train or boat travel. Slips easily in under a Pullman berth—easy to get at. See one today at your better shops and department stores.

Hartmann Trunks

The following stores carry a representative line of Hartmann Trunks and Luggage:

Abercrombie & Fitch	W. W. Harrison & Co.	Saks—Fifth Avenue
B. Altman & Co.	Lord & Taylor	Saks—34th Street
Mark Cross Company	John Wanamaker	Stern Brothers
Gimbel Brothers	London Luggage Shop	Traveller's Luggage

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE LOST STORY

TEN years ago my neighbor, Patterson McNutt, told me a tale of the war which, after serving me often, variously and well, has recently been a little spoiled for me.

It was the story of a homesick youngster from a little Iowa town who was shot down at the very start of the fight near Belleau Wood in that fateful June of eleven summers ago. They were enemy stretcher-bearers who lifted him out of a shellhole and carried him, more dead than alive, to one of their own dressing stations. They were enemy surgeons who patched him up a bit here and there and shunted him back along that twisting thoroughfare of pain which, by stretchers, ambulances, field hospitals, evacuation hospitals, and crawling hospital trains, led the weary wounded toward the Rhine.

It was weeks before the American boy knew what had happened to him. It was months before enough of life stirred within him to make him wonder, or even care, what happened to him next. He lay in a long, crowded ward, with a jabber of strange speech around him. The hospital seemed to be in some German city, to judge from the hum outside its windows, from the clatter on the cobbled streets below, and from the endless chugging on the sidings in some nearby railway yard.

Through the open window the wind blew keen and cold. At first he decided that they must have carried him to uttermost Russia, and it was only after a prodigious and exhausting amount of thought on this monstrous possibility that a more plausible alternative suggested itself to him. It might be—it must be—winter.

With a sudden and painful clarity, he began to wonder what had happened in the lost six months, what had befallen the outfit with which he came to France, what news, if any, had reached his folks back home. Did his mother think of him as buried on some French hillside? Were there any French hillsides left? Was the war over? The last thing he had seen was a whole countryside of old, old people and little children in forlorn, heartsick, grotesque flight. The last thing he had known, the terrifying German Army, dogged, competent, inexhaustible, was rolling toward Paris. Was it there now? Had it reached the Channel ports? Did it rule the world?

He looked at the driven nurse, hurrying through the ward, and at the German surgeon bent over the crocked old Heinie in the next bed—looked, and ached to be able to ask them. But the answer came through the open window.

Since daylight he had known that troops in greater and greater numbers were moving through the town. In recent days he had heard the sound too often to be especially interested in it today or, as when, a few days before, he had heard some superb Prussian cursing of artillery mules under the window, to speculate whether the troops were moving to or from the front. But today, on this clear and frosty morning, he could hear the unmistakable, rhythmic scuff of infantry on the march. Then suddenly, sharp and sweet and miraculous on the December air,—his first news that American troops had crossed the German frontier—he caught the music of a regimental band. It was the tune the band was playing which choked him and sent the blood pounding in his homesick, incredulous heart. For the tune was "Swanee River."

WELL, there is the story for you—its last appearance on any page. For of late my experiences with it have not been altogether fortunate. There was, for instance, the admonitory mishap which marred the sermon I preached a few months ago when, for reasons which now escape me, I accepted the invitation of the Reverend John Haynes Holmes (who will try anything once) to occupy his pulpit one Sabbath morn at the Community Church. As the foregoing is one of the few stories in a modern repertoire one *could* tell in a pulpit, I flung myself into it with a will, and became so carried away with its emotion that instead of merely telling what the band played I found myself standing before a startled congregation with my head thrown back and this old voice lifted in the strains (considerable) of "Swanee River."

UNTAUGHT by this experience (except to the extent of making a mental note never to sing again outside the privacy of my tub), I told the story once more when, a few weeks ago, I found myself mysteriously on the platform of the assembly hall of the Professional Children's School, that unique and endlessly diverting academy which, with great dexterity, meets the demands of the Gerry Society by seeing to it that even those children who daily stand on their respective mothers' heads in the circus are, like any other children, taught the principal exports of Bolivia. Before me, as I stood upon that platform, sat the entire school, expert, attentive, critical—one hundred and fifty boys and girls, ranging from some slightly indignant men-of-the-world of seventeen to rows upon rows of engaging damsels of six or seven. Once again I felt the need of one of my chaster anecdotes, and plunged forthwith into the ever-moving tale of the homesick lad in the alien hospital.

But this time the response came at an earlier point than I have been accustomed to look for it. It came after I had conducted the boy through an affecting farewell at a white picket-gate in an Iowa town, had carried him overseas in a swarming transport, and had led him at double-quick up the desperate road to Belleau Wood. And it came in a form which only one who had just read the illuminating pages of "The Innocent Voyage" could have met without surprise. For at the point where, in the first hour of the fighting, the boy was dropped, with his young flesh full of machine-gun bullets, all the little actresses in the front two rows went into gales of merriment. I do not know why. I shall never know why.

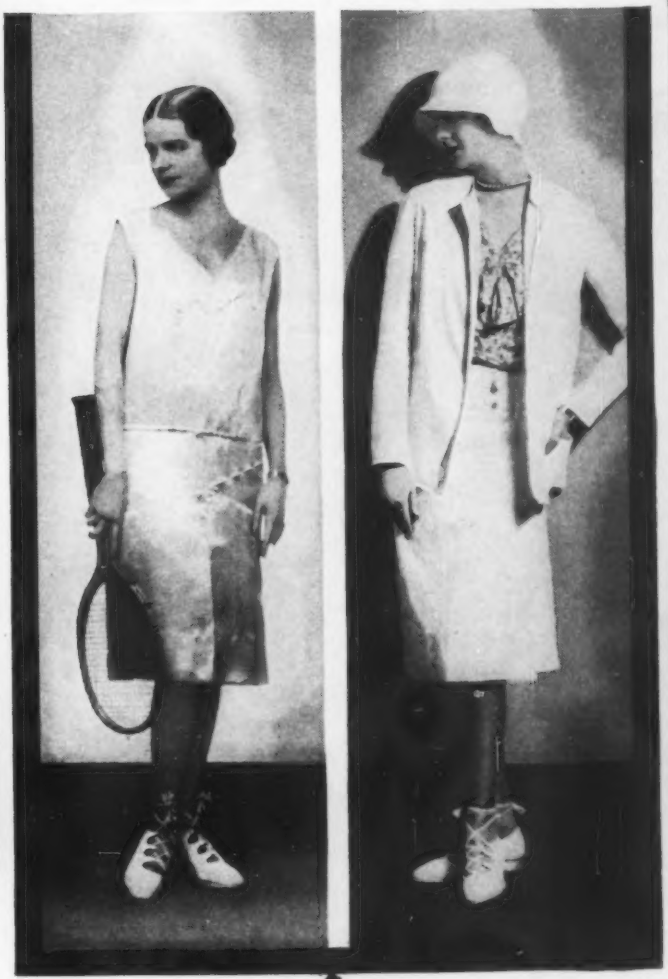
I hardly knew how to go on from there. I hardly knew how to describe the torture of the hospital train without their rolling from their seats in their hilarity. It was a somewhat groggy raconteur who struggled on for the last time to the end of the story and if any reader knows some wholesome anecdotes to take its place, they will be gratefully received by the undersigned.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

SMART YOUNG FASHIONS RENEW THEIR YOUTH WITH LUX

says Best and Company

(Above) Best's newest cotton success of Mille Fleurs batiste—printed from wood blocks—makes this delightful afternoon frock. It is ever so simply, cleverly cut. Keep it like new with Lux.



(Above, right) Best's washable satin frock with Vionnet seaming—at home on court or country club veranda. And so practical! For this satin can be cleansed perfectly, and often, in Lux.

(Above) For this sun-tan tennis frock and scarf Best uses a cravette mesh, the new rayon jersey that does not wrinkle and washes in Lux suds just like one's undies.

(Above, left) Cottons are "fashion firsts"—and most successful in Best's Nada suit of wide wale piqué with blouse of Mille Fleurs batiste—washable, of course, in Lux.

"DAME" Fashion no longer—the goddess is *young*. Youth must be served—youth eager, alive, ready to go! Therefore these smart *young* fashions for summer days, frocks simple and cool, and above all—*washable*.

"Wear them strenuously—no matter, they can be Luxed again and again," Best and Company says . . . "Lux gives *perfect* cleansing—renews each time the original fresh beauty of smart chiffons, silks and cottons."

. . . Lux has no harmful alkali—and with Lux there's no ruinous rubbing.

Other famous Fifth Avenue fashion establishments agree! Bergdorf-Goodman, Kurzman, Hickson, Hattie Carnegie, Frances Clyne, Tappé, Jay-Thorpe, Stein and Blaine, Milgrim, Bruck-Weiss . . . all insist upon Lux!

Follow the wise advice of these famous authorities . . . they know fashions and fabrics and the way of a soap with a dress . . . your smart clothes will look smart *so much longer* if cleansed always in pure, safe Lux!

...on the floor it's

TIME!

Cheste

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobac

© 1929, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

When it comes to taste, the really fine cigarette begins where the average cigarette leaves off. Something more than ordinary tobaccos and routine care are needed to produce the aroma and character that are Chesterfield's own.

* * *

Not ordinary tobaccos, but tobaccos *chosen*, one by one, in all the leaf markets of the world, for flavor, richness, mildness . . . tobaccos matured and mellowed by *ageing*, in Nature's perfect way.

* * *

Not routine care, but tobaccos blended to scientific *balance*, to bring out the finer qualities that *make* a cigarette—and "cross-blended," the Chesterfield way, to round out and perfect the delicious flavor.

* * *

Chesterfield is much more than "something to smoke," just because each step is governed by taste, *above everything*. And long experience has taught us—and Chesterfield smokers as well—that a really fine cigarette can be made by no other rule.

TASTE *above everything*

efield

...not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD . . .
and yet
. . . THEY SATISFY

...swing away...

even if you do tie yourself in knots. You may come out wrinkled but your Resilio won't.

At All Smart Shops

RESILIO CRAVATS

Made by

Franc-Strohmenger & Cowan • Inc.

TEN EAST FORTIETH ST.

THE RACE TRACK

Stall-Gate Starts—Blue Larkspur's Next—Reigh Count

AFTER a fortnight of observation, it seems to me that the stall starting-gate, as used at Aqueduct, is not much more of a success than the Australian barrier was at Belmont Park. Its toll of injuries—not the least being Jack High's—is quite a formidable one. The gate worked famously in Maryland. Horses walked into the stalls and broke off well with practically no delay at the post, but at Aqueduct a five-minutes' wait, with assistant starters having a perfect beanfeast of wrestling and holding horses, is not unusual.

Horses, creatures of habit, are afraid of the canvas-covered, iron contraption they know nothing about. They are much more docile in the wooden stalls at Bowie. The gate is far from perfect, and almost every trainer I know has an idea for, or model of, the perfect one. What a curse on racing this eternal question of starting is! I fancy the real trouble lies not with stall gates or Australian barriers but with the starter and his lack of control over the jockeys.

THE climax of Aqueduct's summer meeting will come this Saturday with the running of the Dwyer Stakes. The race will not take quite so much winning as usual. While reports detrimental to Blue Larkspur were, in some instances, exaggerated, the truth is that he had a few days of enforced idleness after he won the Belmont. On the face of it, and in view of the weak opposition, this might appear of no great importance, but the exacting nature of the mile-and-a-half ordeal, in which he will have to make big concessions in weight, is such that he cannot afford to be hampered in his preparation. Blue Larkspur has had several good gallops and I am confident he will pull through, even though he is not absolutely at his zenith.

JACK HIGH revised the Withers placings in his meeting with Chestnut Oak in the Shevlin Stakes, but to me the race fell a bit flat, for I had expected much speed. Chestnut Oak, with weight in his favor, threw down the gauntlet to George Widener's chestnut, yet it was a feeble effort and McAtee had merely to sit still and hold Jack High in the straight to win by three lengths.

SO Reigh Count finished second in the Ascot Gold Cup. It is a pity his farewell gesture was not complete, but there is no disgrace in his defeat, for Invershin, again the winner, is the best stayer in Europe. After Reigh Count ran his first three races in England, I'm quite sure there was a feeling in British turf circles of, "Well, Papyrus is avenged." Although in England they may dislike the defeats of their horses and athletes, the victory of Mrs. John Hertz' colt in the Coronation Cup was applauded heartily, and I've since learned that Mr. Barnett made a particularly generous gesture. He ordered the rider of his horse, Athford, who was second, not to enter a claim of foul (which might have been allowed), saying, "I've won the Derby. That is enough. Do not lodge an objection."

LAVERNE FATOR rides some curiously uneven races. Sometimes he shows wonderful resource and dash in getting his mount through the pack, and wins on the third best horse: other times he seems uninterested at the start and disregards that axiom of his geometry days—a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. I am told that it was not so much his handling of Folking but the contrast between it and his clever horsemanship on Mordine in the next race that caused the stewards to set him down for the meeting. While Fator is eating the bitter bread of banishment—though I believe he spends his afternoons on the links or at the beach—the Rancocas Stable is well served by Steffen. His handling of Grattan in the Great American Stakes would have done credit to Fator, while that of Workman on Harry Whitney's Prometheus was singularly inept.

I detest the term champion as applied to a horse who has won two races in succession. However, Grattan, winner of the Hudson Stakes the week before, beat a representative field in the Great American. Behind him finished the somewhat exploded Sarazen II, winner of the Youthful; Black Majesty, winner of the Juvenile; and Crack Brigade, winner of the Colorado Stakes.

—AUDAX MINOR

MAKE MAGIC

WITH ICED TEA AND COFFEE

Delicious iced tea and coffee in 30 seconds! Tiny amber crystals from the two little FineArt* canisters, cold water, about one-third the usual amount of ice—and a hospitable smile. And why not? No worries about anything, no coffee pot, no tea pot, no preparations, a limitless supply—just ease and comfort and coolness. That's magic. + + Each glass is freshly made, each glass is full strength or as you wish it, not diluted by melting too much ice, never any bitterness or staleness. The FineArt* way is the economical way. + + For FineArt* Tea and FineArt* Coffee are ALL tea and ALL coffee, nothing added and nothing taken away except the leaves and the grounds and the bother of making. + + The little canisters cost but a dollar each and give you many more cups than you get from two pounds of ground coffee—or more than one hundred cups of tea.

FINEART FOODS INC., TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FineArt* Tea and Coffee may be purchased from Charles & Co.; Park & Tilford; Acker, Merrall & Condit; Vendôme; Ecklebe & Guyer; Ruhmshottel Bros.—and other leading merchants. To locate conveniently the store nearest you, phone (N. Y. City local call) Fairbanks 3333; in Westchester phone Tuckahoe 4444.

FineArt*

TEA AND COFFEE

TEE AND GREEN

Spitballs in the Open—Dark Horses and Nocturnal Starts—The Officials Lend a Hand

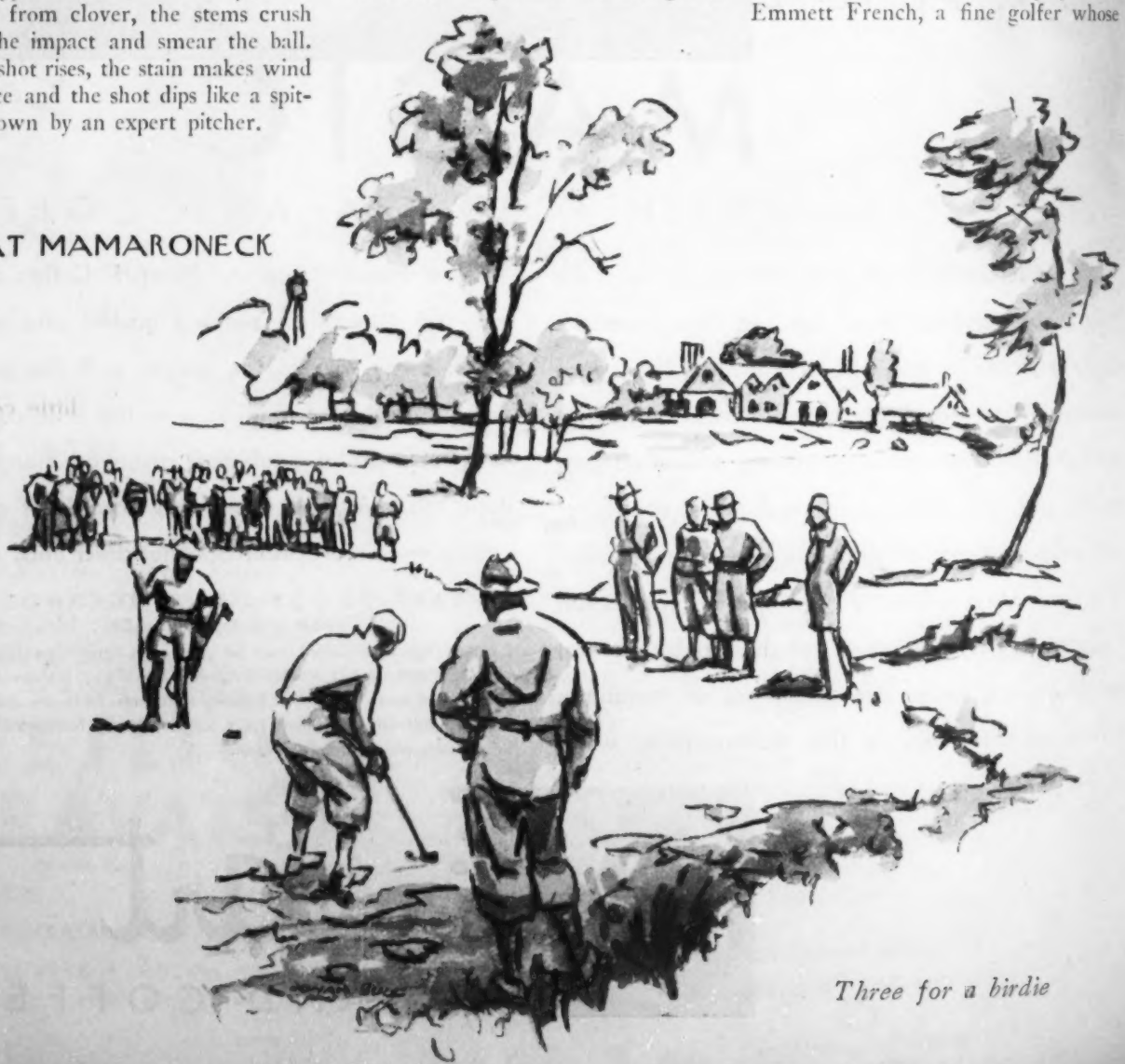
BOBBY JONES built up plenty of alibis. He said his putts weren't working; then he played the course and complained about the clover. It is true that when the big field tramped over Winged Foot on the first day they found the course as liberally clovered as reports had led them to expect. The greens committee had put new sod on the fairway in the sections that the long hitters were reaching, but clover plants were thick in most other places. They had an unfortunate effect on many approach shots. When you hit an iron from clover, the stems crush under the impact and smear the ball. As the shot rises, the stain makes wind resistance and the shot dips like a spitball thrown by an expert pitcher.

Arguments about starting times came up again, as they do in every National Open. It is the sincere belief of many golf fans that there has been a conspiracy for some years to give Bobby Jones the best time. Whether this belief is justified I don't know, but a good many incidents seem to support it. You will remember that Jones dislikes starting too late. If he is playing behind many of the first starters, he can't help hearing what they did, and news of this kind tends to interrupt his impersonal concentration. There are other patent advantages for him, or any player, in starting at about ten in the morning. He can go to bed at the ordinary hour and take his time getting up and eating breakfast. In every National Open for the last ten years, Jones has started at an ideal time two days out of the three.

Another important advantage in medal play is the right sort of partner. Jones has been lucky on this point too. He has usually been paired with somebody who was good enough to stimulate him. This week, in the first two rounds, he was listed to play with Emmett French, a fine golfer whose

To the second tee

AT MAMARONECK



Three for a birdie

B.V.D.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

—the Underwear of Quality

The illustration shows the famous B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35 the suit

COPYRIGHT 1926 BY THE B.V.D. COMPANY, INC. NEW YORK

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Men differ in their preference for different kinds of underwear, but they agree in wanting all the comfort, wear and style their money can buy. That is why so many have learned to look for the letters B. V. D. when buying their underwear. ▲ The illustration shows the B. V. D. Union Suit. Its famous one-piece construction insures comfort at the waist-line—at the shoulders—at the crotch. It is tailored to fit the body—at rest or in motion. There is a size for every build. ▲ For those men who prefer their underwear in two pieces, B. V. D. offers a wide selection. The B. V. D. Coat Shirt is made of B. V. D. nainsook, the same material used in the B. V. D. Union Suit—a cloth combining light weight with long wear. Like all products of the B. V. D. Co., Inc., B. V. D. Knit Pull-Over Shirts are made in our mills, where exacting manufacturing standards prevail. ▲ B. V. D. Knee Drawers, also made of B. V. D. nainsook, are growing in popularity—may be worn with either Coat Shirt or Knit Shirt. B. V. D. Shorts are made in whites, solid colors, neat stripes and colorful patterns. The colors are fast. ▲ Take your choice—but make sure of two things—(1) ASK for and (2) LOOK for B. V. D.

B.V.D.

The three letters B.V.D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS: UNION SUITS COAT SHIRTS PULL-OVER SHIRTS KNEE DRAWERS SHORTS YOUTHS' UNION SUITS CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS

IN HIS OTHER and favorite role, many a captain of industry is skipper and crew of a roving Dodge Boat ⌁ ⌁ Dodge alone will satisfy his sportsman's keenness for exhilarating water travel and his business instinct for surpassing value ⌁ ⌁ The Dodge tradition of excellence, rooted deep in motor lore, never was better exemplified than in the present Dodge Boats ⌁ ⌁ Models in stock from twenty feet up, closed or open; prices starting at $1,675. Custom built cruisers and other models designed and built to order.

DODGE BOAT SALON ⌁ 3 EAST 52nd STREET ⌁ NEW YORK CITY

DODGE
BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT WORKS, Inc., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

reputation is known to everybody. Hagen and Sarazen each had men who in match play, nine times out of ten, couldn't have given them any sort of game. Though Open champion twice, Hagen had to start his second round at 8:35, and Sarazen five minutes earlier, which meant getting up at seven—a nocturnal hour for both.

AMONG the spectators on the first day was a sunburned Irishman with a severe expression and broad, freckled hands—Mike Brady, who is the head pro at Winged Foot. Brady failed to qualify. It was a tough break for him; he thought he could do well on his own course. Ten years ago Brady was runner-up to Hagen in the play-off of one of the most exciting Opens on record. Some rooters who had seen that match talked about it at lunchtime, remembering the amusing things that happened. Once, for instance, Hagen went up to study the roll of a green, and as he strolled back to the ball idly picked up and tossed aside an empty matchbox. An official saw him and penalized him a stroke for removing a loose object more than a club's-length away from his ball. A few holes later, Brady picked a straw to chew and Hagen called attention to it. Brady was duly penalized for removing a growing object. The two players were still on even terms when Hagen pulled a long drive, and lost his ball. It was found buried in mud, almost out of sight.

Hagen looked at the spot. It would take at least two and perhaps three shots to play the ball out. "I don't think it's mine," he said doubtfully. "I'll have to identify it."

Officials conferred. Finally one of them knelt down and dug in the mud, uncovering a little more of the ball. Hagen still couldn't be sure, so the official pulled it part way up and turned it so that he could read the brand. By this time the ball was thoroughly loosened and playable. Examining the lie judicially, Hagen said they were right—it was his ball. His niblick shot to the green was crisp and accurate.

—N. B., Jr.

•

The Princess Chemise. Form fitting and skilfully shaped to give no fullness here and plenty there.—*Adv. in the Times.*

If you're trying to leave something to our imagination, you're butting a stone wall.

After a hard day -all in - just don't want to "go nowhere or do nothin"

then try this→

DASH about a tablespoonful of Absorbine, Jr. in a warm bath. Jump in. Tightened muscles gently relax. Tired tissues are invigorated. Red blood courses through the body. You glow with new animation. Out of the tub—a brisk rub-down with Absorbine, Jr. full strength.

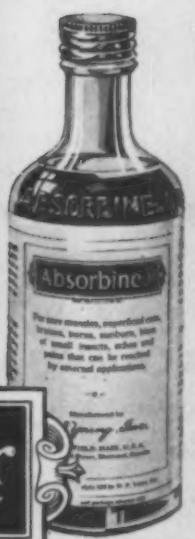
Absorbine, Jr.'s pungent odor is pleasant, yet it is greaseless—not a stain on skin or clothes. Come what may—you are now ready for anything.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

-and see what happens

At All Druggists $1.25

Send for Free Trial Bottle



Absorbine Jr.

NÉE STUTZ

Stutz ancestry is becoming more and more apparent in the blood lines of motor aristocracy.

One by one those motors with pretensions to fine car leadership are wedding features first brought into the motor world by Stutz.

The list is worthy of a reigning house. Refresh your memory!

There's Shatter-proof Glass all around (née Stutz). Noback (née Stutz). No-glare, 180° vision headlamps (née Stutz). Silent overhead camshaft engine, Double-Drop Frame, Four-Speed Transmission, Underslung Worm Drive (all née Stutz).

Besides, Stutz offers seven additional improvements—several exclusive. Of these no other car today gives you more than four—a fourteen to four leadership for Stutz!

That is why those who pride themselves on being first with the latest invariably drive Stutz. And why Stutz sales in New York this year show the greatest percentage of increase of any fine car. May we demonstrate? 'Phone Columbus 7070.

SAFETY STUTZ

$3395 to $10,800

AND

BLACKHAWK CARS

$2395 to $2735 Prices f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street

Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

STATEMENT

THE late spring theatrical season has been bad, as you may have heard, even for a late spring season. I won't allow myself to start telling you how bad, for the subject is one as dangerous to get started upon as a series of symptoms.

So bad has it been that "Nice Women," by William A. Grew, at the Longacre, looms out of it like a masterpiece, and if "Nice Women" is a masterpiece, "Little Prudy's Dottie Dimple" was the logical successor to the Iliad.

"Nice Women" bears some resemblance to "Holiday," but is a distinctly cheaper "Holiday," a holiday to Bear Mountain Beach, one is tempted to say.

The Girard family is miserably hard-pressed for money, and Geraldine Girard knows it will resent her engagement to the impecunious Billy Wells, but is not prepared for the fact that the very afternoon she has planned to spring her announcement, Mark Chandler, the head of the firm for which her father works, has offered her father a managership if Geraldine will marry Mark. Her lack of preparation is nothing, however, compared to the misapprehension aroused in the mind of the audience by this hint about Mark Chandler's character, for Chandler, when he enters, turns out to be Robert Warwick, and makes one wonder how Morris Gest ever passed him up when he was casting the "Passion Play." The slow pervasion of rich, brunette sweetness that follows Robert Warwick's appearance is like nothing in the world but the overturning of a large jug of very thick molasses.

With his entrance, Geraldine's sister Bess, who has been just a smarty flapper eager for her sister to make this good match, becomes the Goddess from the Machine, and when Billy Wells returns and is about to let the caterwauling tabby out of the bag, Bess flings her arms around Billy's neck, stops his mouth with kisses, and drags him off as though he were *her* sweetheart.

The next act is an engagement dinner at Mark Chandler's apartment. Before it, Bess and Mark have a conversation which cements their relation into friendship. Then Billy and Geraldine confess their love, and Mark, very brave, insists on playing his rôle of host, and leads Bess and her parents out to dinner.

This piles on the third act that old third-act burden of turning friendship into love, which is accomplished with the aid of an ex-mistress of Mark's, and Mark's deeds of kindness to the Girard family.

"Nice Women" lacks literary quality entirely, and (if you'll allow me to point it out) literary quality has become something people like in the theatre. The play is, however, continuously entertaining, and the dialogue consists of a series of wisecracks which aren't in the least bad.

"BORROWED LOVE," by Bide Dudley, at the Times Square, tells the story of a husband physically incapacitated for marriage, who arranges, to his own misery, a light love affair for his wife. He is about to leave her, so that she can marry her lover, when her lover announces that he is through, and goes away. It appears that their affair never amounted to much anyway, and the play closes on a note of hope represented by a letter from a psychoanalyst in New York, which I must say gave the audience more audible pleasure than any note of hope I have ever seen introduced to lighten a weepy last act.

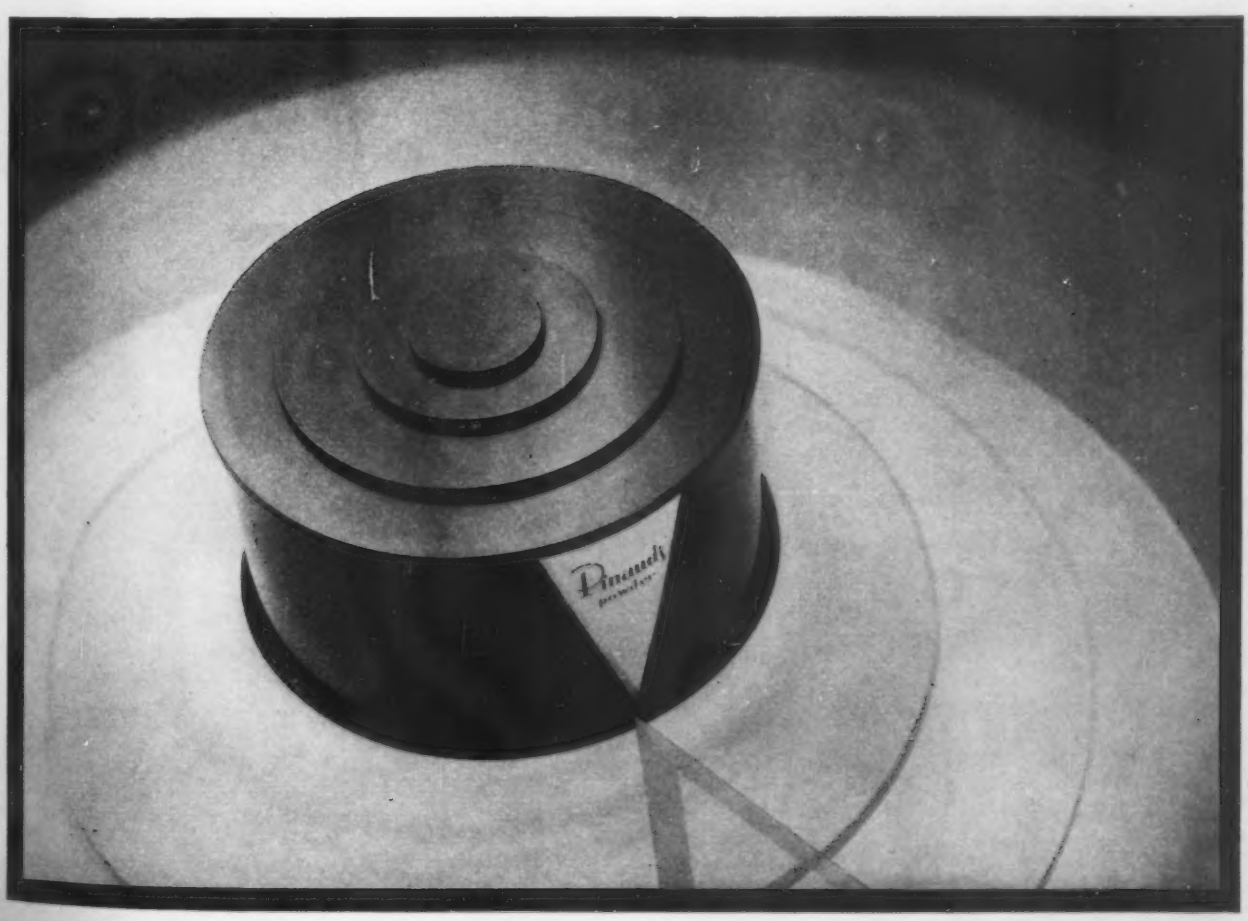
In the hands

In the famous Pinaud Collection in Paris is a powderbox made at the command of Louis XVI, lovely—and fragile—as a flower. Today Pinaud places another powderbox—your powderbox—side by side with the King's. Black, sleek, modern as the Age in which you live—and packed with the newest triumph of Pinaud's century and a half of achievement: Pinaud's New Powder! Blended so exquisitely, so accurately to your individual type of skin that its effect is scarcely that of a powder at all! Made in two gradations, one for "normal" or slightly oily skin, one for skin inclined to dryness . . . it imparts a beauty no complexion ever knew before. At your favorite shop ask today for the new powder

by Pinaud

PARIS • NEW YORK

© Pinaud, 1929



Go on~*and give 'em something!*

IT may come upon you suddenly, or it may just keep creeping up—that unaccountable desire to give something away. Nor does it have to collide with wedding dates, Christmas, or birthdays. It may come along any old time.

It has been known to happen after house-parties, when some not-so-bright but awfully nice hostess has admitted that she doesn't read THE NEW YORKER. Its occurrences have been noted at such varied times and places as a yachting trip to Nantucket, Mass., when the girl friend said she didn't read "On and Off the Avenue"; and in the throne-room of the palace at Jahore, India, what time Uncle Ned made the unexpected remark that he would swap all the wealth of the Indies for half an hour at Pierre's.

Our research department, after a thorough-going investigation of more than 6,956 possible gifts for such occasions, reports that a subscription to THE NEW YORKER most strictly conforms to the regulations and standards of the Bureau of Incidental Presentations, and in conformance with its recommendation, we have devised the following compact method for instant response to such altruistic urgings as may come upon you.

For Your Convenience—

6-29

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York

Please enter subscription to THE NEW YORKER *as indicated:*

☐ One Year, $5.00 ☐ Two Years, $7.00

To be sent to: Name.....

Address.....

.....

for which I enclose check for $.....*as indicated above.*

Donor's Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Postage: Canada, 50c. Foreign, $1.00 additional a year.)

of—shall we say Tchekov?—this plot might have scraped the ventricles of the human heart. Mr. Dudley is very lucky, and it speaks volumes for his sincerity, that, as played by a sub-mediocre cast, this didn't turn into a bawdy farce. Mr. Dudley's dialogue is, to put it tenderly, uninspired, and his characters, while never grossly improbable, do not live.

MORE in the line of what a summer's evening requires is Connie's "Hot Chocolates," the all-colored revue at the Hudson.

At the end of its first half, "Hot Chocolates" seemed to have everything a revue should have except some good new music. It offered mass and solo dancing, of a sort to have shaken apart a theatre less stolid than the Hudson, very funny sketches ("Big Business" and "The Unloaded Gun" are both masterpieces), assorted lots of engaging personalities, even one very taking song which began, I regret to say, by taking its melody from "Your Imagination and Mine."

The second half of the show is a thorough disappointment, however. The numbers become elaborate, the sketches dull, and only the dancing maintains itself. Moreover, there's one song which carries symbolism rather uncomfortably far south.

I daresay "Hot Chocolates" will be fixed up in time and, in its entirety, will rank a place beside "Blackbirds," which improved enormously after its opening. I hope so, because the members of the cast have the quality which makes one want to see their show a wow.

A REVUE in which post-opening improvements have already taken place is the "Grand Street Follies," which has been cut and tightened. Having seen it again makes me want to reiterate that "The Age of Innocence (Masculine)," as done by Paula Trueman, is one of the most charming numbers in that or any other revue.

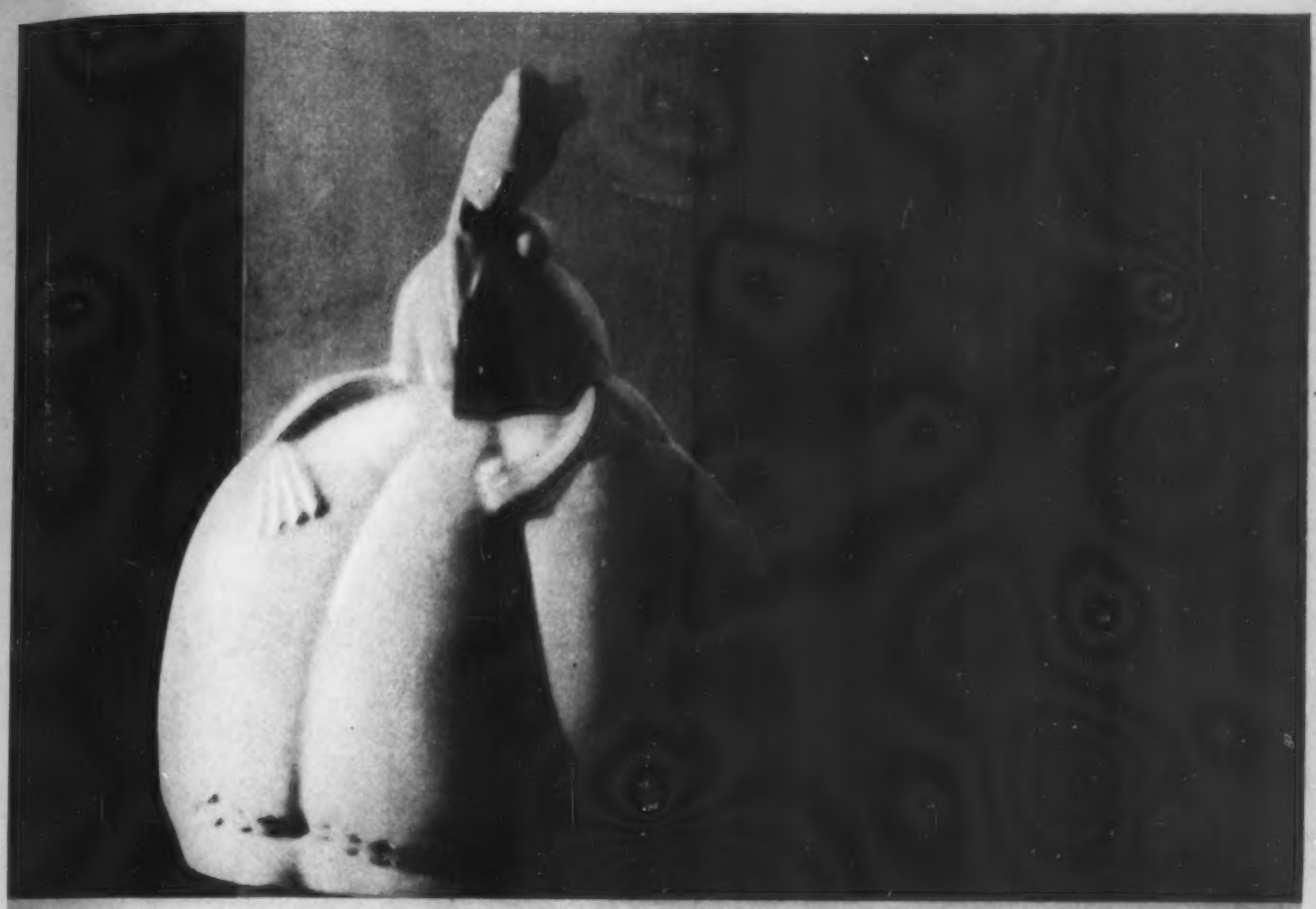
"The Little Show," which didn't need any tinkering, still tops the list as desirable summer entertainment. "Hold Everything!," "Follow Thru," and "Whoopee" remain extremely pleasant things to drop in on.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

WIDOW with six children would like to marry an old man with a large grocery store.—*Madison (Ky.) Messenger.*

Better make it a *blind* old man.



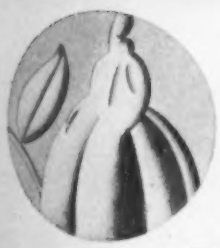
LINES TO A LADY

Madame, as you know, women care little about how a car looked *last year.* You judge with the merciless precision of the instant . . . Does the contour reflect the modern mode for restrained and governed grace? . . . Do the lines create an arrangement in smartness that flatters a Paris frock as surely as the salon where it was born? . . . Are the accessories placed where they accent the design as tellingly as the correct shoes, hat and handbag point a costume? . . . Are the metal trimmings chosen to touch the ensemble with brilliance as skillfully as you choose your jewels? . . . Is it finished in the colors that are sponsored by the creators of the mode *this year?*

As your eyes sweep the HUPMOBILE, questioning its modernity, a steady little chorus of answers chants its way into your mind . . . "Yes" . . . "This is correct". . . "This is very good" . . . "This is styled with authority."

Let us hope, Madame, that at this point Rosamond Pinchot will drive by in her HUPMOBILE roadster . . . And then, just after you become completely convinced that the HUPMOBILE is one of the smartest cars in the world, that Clarence Chamberlin, the aviator, will park his HUPMOBILE sedan where you can ask him a few questions about its mechanical excellence!

New program of expansion has reduced all prices. Now HUPMOBILE excels even itself in value-giving.



CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

Hupmobile

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, N. Y. City, COLumbus 7660 . . . 1231 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. City, BILlings 5240 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, PROspect 9941

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

WITH the honest-to-God arrival of summer, a great lethargy has descended upon the retail shops and upon this patient observer; so the things that stand out this week are varied and somewhat disjointed. A few of them:

TOWELLING beach robes at Jay-Thorpe have a somewhat unusual look. One has a scarf on buttons of the Christmas-tree-ball tinsel type; another is ornamented with gay, colored, square wooden beads sewed around the cuffs and collar. You wear twisted strands of the same beads around your neck if you want to heighten the effect. Also, I learned here that for swimming, smart people prefer dressmakery jersey tunics with the trunks worn beneath, and that they have been the first to realize in mass the value of bright yellow against a tanned skin.

FOR summer evening wraps, totter to Kurzman before committing yourself. They are making a feature here of a little cape of sheer or panne velvet, perfectly plain except just where you sit down, at which point the whole wrap joins in a bowknot. It stays on the shoulders well and is particularly effective in peach, flesh, and beige tones; $55. For the same price, you may also buy capes of metal brocade and chiffon that emerge triumphant from a bowknot on one shoulder.

PEOPLE in quest of handbags de luxe should know that Saks-Fifth Avenue has recently started a custom-made department which tempts you with elaborate frames, employing all kinds of semiprecious stones. For the body of the bag, they will provide whatever fabric you like, or will use your own. In fact, they will make up anything you happen to crave. However, if you want something really de luxe, look at a few already made of seed-pearl embroidery over Beauvais or petit point. They light up phosphorescently in darkness, but why a lady should take a handbag into the dark is beyond me.

IF you are informal, look at: Nicely cut and fitted summer skirts of wide wale white piqué for $5.75, at Lord & Taylor. . . . Chukker shirts of the sheerest possible milanese in every possible pastel color, at McCreery. . . . Tennis socks, all colors, of fishnet mesh lisle, at Jay-Thorpe. . . . Charm bracelets of silver or gold chain with semiprecious beads and danglers, costing $5 at Kurzman. . . . The new gloves at Jay-Thorpe, of the very finest French suede in new sundown and sun-tan shades, either buttoned and almost elbow-length. Or the very long pull-on variety to wear with sleeveless day and evening dresses.

Everyone leap at once to Macy's sports department, $14.74 in hand, and contemplate suits of dark green, blue, brown, or black linen, with circular or pleated skirts and cardigan jackets. Handkerchief linen blouses in plain color, with pleated jabots and collars of all sorts, accompanying these for an additional $4.64, making an ideal to-and-from-town costume for shopgirl and débutante alike.

A three-quarter jacket of flannel or jersey in brilliant hue, bound with a contrasting color and absolutely plain as to neckline, is to be found, for your sports wardrobe, at Kurzman; and two utterly collapsible travelling summer hats by Agnès appear at McCreery. One is that mobcap affair of crocheted woollen straw, with ribbons that tie around your head and adjust the hat to suit the face; the other is a cloche affair of a rattan straw like porch curtains. Both roll up into your overnight bag without a whimper.

"Bloomers, panties, step-ins, or teddies?"

FOR the desk or bedside table of the tired but pampered businessman, and particularly useful in his secretary's off-hours, is a new contraption from practical France called the Horo-Memo. This has an eight-day clock set in the top of a substantial leather desk-pad. Opposite the quarter-hours that comprise the twenty-four hours of the day are little tabs which are pushed down and set opposite important dates. When the time arrives to

Once known only to the INNER CIRCLE

IT IS NOW THE MOST FAMOUS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY IN THE WORLD

FOR many years Primrose House was known only to a handful of women, members of New York's smartest social set.

Sponsored by them, it became the very inner shrine of beauty.

Noted scientists were employed to study the complexion and its needs—to develop the most efficient preparations and methods for wooing youth and beauty . . . Cost was no consideration. The purest and finest materials were used regardless of their price. Results alone were counted . . . One by one Primrose House Preparations were created, the most luxurious ensemble of toiletries the world had ever seen . . . Powders, soft and clinging, impalpably fine—lotions, cool and soothing—creams of incredible richness to feed the skin—cleansing creams that melt as they touch the skin.

So remarkable were the accomplishments of Primrose House, so unmistakably finer were these preparations than any the world had ever known that gradually the secret spread. Women in other cities heard of these products and began to demand them too.

Today, Primrose House is the most distinguished institute of beauty in all the world. And its preparations are famous wherever beautiful women go.

For 1929 Sophisticates — the Suntan Group

Four exquisite Primrose House Preparations, constituting a complete suntan ensemble for neck, arms and legs as well as for the face. Applied swiftly and easily, they make the skin beautifully supple and smooth and give an effect of glowing, ruddy tan that is delightfully natural and healthy looking. This effect will not come off until you wash it off.

Write us for "THE SUNTAN GROUP" *leaflet*

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

New Address

595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

This is now the address of Primrose House . . . for here on July first we are opening our delightful new salon. Expert designers and decorators have bestowed upon this new Primrose House exquisite beauty and luxury . . . have made it a newly-enchanting sanctum in which to sink into repose and permit skilled fingers to invoke your loveliness. And so conveniently located . . . 5th Avenue and 48th Street.

FLANNELS

ASSORTMENTS OF COMFORTABLE AND WELL CUT GARMENTS FOR USAGE DURING PERIODS OF LEISURE, EITHER IN THE COUNTRY OR AT THE SHORE.

DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS OF IMPORTED FLANNEL
IN BLUE, TAN, MAROON, BROWN
THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE

TROUSERS OF IMPORTED STRIPED OR PLAIN FLANNEL, CRICKET CLOTH
WHITE WORSTED AND BEDFORD CORD, ALSO A NEW PUTTY COLOUR
TWELVE-FIFTY TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

KNICKERS OF SHETLAND, TWEED AND FLANNEL
TWELVE DOLLARS AND MORE

KNICKERS OF IMPORTED LINEN
FIVE-FIFTY AND MORE

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

see Mr. Ginsberg, take your medicine, telephone your wife you won't be home to dinner, or attend a meeting of the Horticultural Society, a little bell rings busily like an alarm clock. You may then either push down the next tab for a quarter of an hour later and continue your nap, or rush and keep your appointment. The pad is guaranteed for five years, costs $75, and may be purchased in the stationery department at McCreery.

THE Playroom, at 220 West Ninety-eighth Street, inspired by Book-of-the-Month activities, has recently started a toy subscription service. This proceeds on the theory that children should have new toys spread out over a period of time rather than receive them, on holidays and other pagan celebrations, in one great confusing lump. The fond parent sends, say, ten dollars and gives the child's age, sex, and special interests. At intervals of two weeks or a month, the child's vacation is made thrilling by the arrival of books or games or toys to embellish idle, active, or contemplative hours.

Travel boxes, to relieve the tedium of long train or boat trips, and save fellow passengers the joy of being pestered, are also a specialty here.

SMALL boys with grown-up tendencies will probably adore some new summer suits to be seen at McCreery. These have sleeveless, V-necked tops of blazer-striped cotton, and long white cotton pants buttoned on the tops in a highly jaunty fashion. The words "Life Guard" are embroidered across the heart for no reason, and the sizes are from two to four or six.

A NEW knicknack for lady golfers who still insist on primping somewhere during the eighteen holes is Corday's Silver Queen compact—flat and circular, with the outside resembling a white or silver golf ball. A trench mirror separates the powder from the rouge—the whole thing will fit in the pocket of your golfing sweater. Just a little trifle for them as likes the trivia of life.

CHIC women, for years and years, have been trotting obediently to Lewis & Conger to buy Coates polish for their buckskin shoes, but, of course, I would have to be the last to hear of it. This is a liquid cleaner that is rubbed on the shoes in the old familiar

way and, when brushed up afterwards, gives to the buck a shiny, lacquered look. You really should try it.—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Architects' Samples—Home Fires—Notes for Fearless Gadgeteers

DESPITE the bitterness that rages in this tender breast against people who are building in the fall, or remodelling, or making any gesture at all that indicates land-owning—despite this bitterness, one has a duty, and one does it as bravely as one may. So you are again reminded about the Architects' Samples Corporation, that noble institution at 101 Park Avenue where everything good that ever was designed for gracious and comfortable living may be inspected at one time. The sort of thing, you can see, that is going to save you a lot of general wear and tear or else send you into a perfect frenzy of indecision. It depends entirely on your own nature, and no responsibility will be accepted by me for what may result from a visit.

You understand, of course, that the place is not merely an exhibition hall for the use of slate, shingle, and brick manufacturers. These products are present in large numbers, to be sure, and a great help too, I don't doubt—although what would a poor little woman know about such great big masculine problems?

AT any rate there are, as I have said, other things. Bathroom fixtures, for instance: chromium plate, lustrous and gleaming, or else in the newer satin finish, which is dull, pewter-like and, *ma foi*, of an elegance! Fixtures in this latter material are by the Speakman Company, and you really should see them before making up your budget. All the colored tiles and fixtures are here, of course, and glass shower-compartments, and every known variety of bathroom wall-cabinet—really everything. Even a new imitation tile, the name of which I have forgotten; but the Architects' Samples people could tell you. Anyway, it's astoundingly lifelike and much, much less expensive.

The important matter of screening you can cope with up on the mezzanine

ON THE GOLF COURSE

Photographed at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club, *Miss Mary Worth*, formerly of Philadelphia society and now of New York, with *Mr. John Farnham*, wearing John Ward shoe shown below. Mr. Farnham is an athlete and polo player.

Here for Sports Events

Your choice of shoes for golf or any outdoor use is more easily made at a John Ward store. • • We make a point of having a larger variety of new models to choose from. And we have a reputation for fine sport shoes especially. • • Certain advanced methods of our own . . . modern efficiency . . . and our very large volume enable us to keep prices down to $7 to $9 for the highest grade sports lasts. • • Why should *you* . . . who look for up-to-date style . . . pay out-of-date prices?

The shoe is SILVER FLYER in buck $9

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

555 5th Avenue, New York City, *North of 45th Street*

Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

hand-made by the shoecraft salon

Annual Sale

88 models to choose from—styles that have been photographed for the important fashion magazines—travel footwear, afternoon slippers, evening sandals, casual sports shoes, everything! *to* assure yourself of a smart summer you will want to buy many pairs.

$14.75

and they were formerly to $35

SHOECRAFT

SALON: 714 fifth ave., New York

Palm Beach : Southampton

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL·

·SIZES 1 to 10 , AAAA to D

CHEAT THE SUBWAY AND FAVOR THE FAMILY!

THE Army of occupation moves swiftly from its base at The Westover . . . Captains of Industry . . . their wives and families . . . get here, there and everywhere in a jiffy! Busses out front . . . Subway at the corner . . . "L" just beyond that! Debit Travelling Time, Credit Family Time . . . Change to Convenience! 2, 3 and 4 Room suites. Serving pantries. Electrical Refrigeration.

Dine and dance in the famous Viennese Room!

HOTEL WESTOVER

253-263 West 72d Street

Burton F. White Management

John D. Green, Resident Mgr.

The Apartment You Are Looking For!

Let me save you endless hours and steps by locating exactly the apartment you are looking for. Telephone or write

MR. FISK

Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison

383 Madison Ave. *Phone VAN. 5825*

WHY The New Yorker Should Vacation at AVON BY-THE-SEA

BECAUSE A Vacation must be a change. Here is Ocean—River, Country! Every Sport and Pastime and Bathing direct from the

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL

A. L. Harvey & Sons

RATES SURPRISINGLY MODERATE

floor. The Fenestra exhibit moved me deeply, there being a unit arrangement in the midst of it that combined casement windows and top-to-bottom screens in such a way that you didn't have to touch the screen to open a window. These are best installed at the time of building; otherwise you have got to throw away all your old windows, and *so* many people are sentimental about old windows . . .

There is another really remarkable piece of business down in the kitchen-fixtures section (full of very nice boilers; also washing machines and furnaces, if you care about details like these). This is a small auxiliary water-heater called the Acorn. It can be installed in any house or apartment and is too marvellous where there are young children, illnesses, and similar problems, because it brings boiling water bubbling from the faucet in about two minutes' time at any hour of the day or night.

This, however, was the high spot of my sightseeing trip: a small coiled hose that sets flat into the wall, for country houses in districts where public fire protection is somewhat doubtful. The trick is to hang a picture over the spot, this primitive device being enough to disguise the works. The fun would come, I suppose, when a fire broke out and everybody ran about trying to remember which picture the hose was under.

Well, you could always have fire drills. It would amuse the children and keep you in condition.

ALL this, I don't doubt, will have given you some idea of what you can pick up here in the way of suggestions for the little nest that is to be. Of course, if you are one of those awfully indecisive creatures you might just as well stay away entirely, because the probabilities are strong that you will never be happy again if you go. For them as can stand it; you have had fair warning.

MY gadgeting expeditions are a little less frequent at this time of the year, and a little less energetic. There is news, though, and this is it:

Great excitement has been milling about an object called the Luminator, described to me as a lamp that combines an indirect-lighting effect, small cost, and great beauty. If you aren't expecting too much of the beauty clause, all's well and there is no reason why you shouldn't have a Luminator in your home. It gets the indirect-

Every woman knows true feminine charm requires smooth, hair-free skin.

Every vestige of hair is gone —and reappearance of that hair delayed remarkably.

A Unique New Discovery in Removing Arm or Leg Hair

Utterly Without Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

A new way that not only removes hair from arms and legs instantly, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known

Mary Phillips, noted artist's model, recognizing the obviously false note in arm and leg hair, displays a skin satin-smooth and hair-free. She is pictured here between dips with a favored admirer.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth. The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 180

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

BRIDES PLEASE NOTE...

A Gas Refrigerator in the kitchen is a sure sign of a fine apartment

NEW you may be to the responsibilities of a home, but no one has to tell you young brides of 1929 what you want in the way of an apartment.

Cedar closets, built-in showers, concealed telephones—all the latest things that contribute to the comfort and convenience of present-day apartment life.

And of course, since you want your kitchen to match the rest of your home, your automatic refrigerator will be the most modern efficient type—Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator.

All over the country the newest, finest types of apartments are turning to Electrolux. First of all, this Gas Refrigerator is as quiet as a burning match. You know how important such quietness is in an apartment. The perfect silence of Electrolux is due to its unique principle of operation. It hasn't a single moving part. A tiny gas flame, a slight trickle of water, make all the ice cubes you want, keep the refrigerator constantly, evenly cold.

And because Electrolux uses only small quantities of gas and water, both cheap, its operating cost is ridiculously low. A few cents a day—a dollar or two a month—covers the entire cost. Less even than ice. And you have this noiseless, trouble-free refrigeration for years to come, because there is nothing about the Electrolux to wear out. It has passed the most rigid tests made by Good Housekeeping and other nationally known laboratories. They have been able to find no reason why this Gas Refrigerator shouldn't last a lifetime.

More information about this remarkable automatic refrigerator may be had by telephoning, returning coupon, or coming to the nearest display room of your gas company to see the many sizes and models in white and color. Phone your gas company or use coupon below.

Electrolux saves you money on food

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all machinery, gives you noiseless perfect cold for life in the Gas Refrigerator.

Servel Sales, Inc.
51 East 42nd St., N.Y.C.
Gentlemen: Please send, without obligation to me, complete literature about Electrolux.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

lighting effect properly enough, being a sort of tall *torchère* with an inverted metal shade at the top which casts beams of light against the ceiling, whence they are deflected downward in a soft glow about the room. It doesn't cost much, and there is no installation nuisance; the whole thing plugs in on a cord. The best suggestion I have to offer is that you try standing it behind a tall chair in a corner, or else put a screen around it. At most shops, by this time.

That lamp I liked so well at the American Designers' Gallery—bakelite base, chromium neck, clouded crystal shade—has been improved at Macy's in such fashion that the neck now lifts and droops on an adjustable screw, which makes it the world's perfect bedside reading-lamp. It also makes it considerably more expensive, but that is just one of those details.

The sporting-goods shops are proudly showing a combination corkscrew and bottle-opener that fastens to the wall and operates from that position. One gathers that the idea is not strictly new, but that popular demand has brought it out of obscurity into quantity production. You never know what these wicked law-breakers will be demanding next. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

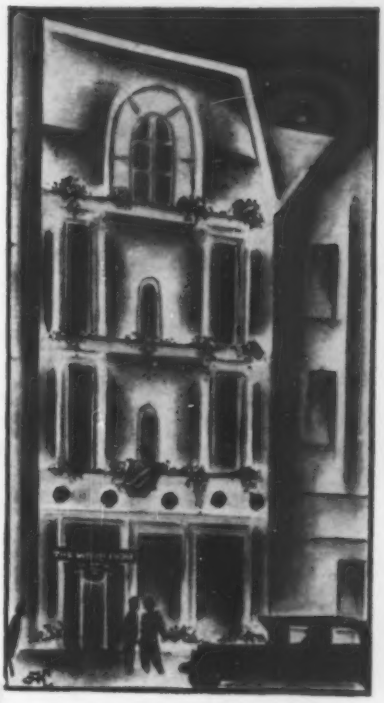
In Case You're Not Going to the Mountains

OUR idea of a good bathing suit is a plain dark-blue one. The two-piece type with trunks that have a drawstring is useful at a private beach where, your modesty and the law permitting, you can discard the top and get full benefit of the sun. Dark colors are usually the most becoming, and certainly the most distinguished, now that the sands are littered with terrible stripes and patterns that act like camouflage and destroy the outlines of one's figure, good or bad. Plain bright colors are our second choice—they look well if you are tanned.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH agreed that plain suits are the best-looking. Their more expensive ones are made of a very soft wool that dries quickly. In this shop separate jersey trunks cost $5, and lightweight shirts $7.50. If you

ENTRE—L'OPERA!

The House of Flowers graciously gives way to the House of Music... On this old site will stand the new home of the Metropolitan Opera... and so on and after July first we serve you at number 4 West 56th Street ...at Fifth Avenue... Circle 8120.



After Monday

. . 4 W. 56 St. at 5TH Ave. .

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS

Formerly with *Thorley* INC.

UNTIL JULY 1st . . . . . 612 Fifth Avenue
THEREAFTER . . . 4 West 56th St. at Fifth Avenue
Circle 8120 Also 55 Broadway

Summer at this Smart and Club-like Hotel

Lake George is ever inviting for boating, fishing and swimming—the lofty Adirondacks fringing its shores are majestically beautiful. Here on Green Island is a hotel unsurpassed in luxury, cuisine and service. A stable of 30 horses, one of the finest golf courses in the country, dancing and social life are among the many enjoyments. Splendid roads—convenient train service—daily flights to New York. Opens in June.

For booklet write to
SAGAMORE CLUB HOTEL
Bolton Landing, N. Y.
ABBOTT HOTELS CORPORATION
The Vendome, Boston
Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, N. H.
The Oceanside, Magnolia, Mass.
The Kirkwood, Camden, S. C.
Gasparilla Inn, Boca Grande, Fla.
Savannah-Oglethorpe, Savannah, Ga.
Affiliated Hotel: The St. Regis, New York City

The SAGAMORE LAKE GEORGE

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

EAST SIDE WEST SIDE
All around the town

—We find apartments and save you 50% of the usual tiresome hunting.

For instance, we have an apartment on Park Avenue in the Fifties which you can rent for $1,000, less than the present tenant. Write or telephone.

FRANK C. LOWE, JR.
84 William Street Beekman 2554

KEEP it a deep, dark secret —for your friends would be amazed! Every New Yorker is supposed to know the ne plus ultra of restaurants! Inimitable Longchamps—its cuisine unsurpassable; its garden-fresh vegetables; its luxury and service Continental. Surely you should come before someone exclaims—

"What! You haven't discovered RESTAURANTS *Longchamps?*"

55 Fifth Avenue
North-east Cor. 12th Street

19-21 West 57th Street
Near Fifth Avenue

423 Madison Avenue
Bet. 48th and 49th Streets

28 West 58th Street
off Fifth Avenue
Through to 57th Street

40 East 49th Street
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

1015-17 Madison Ave.
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets

ALL RESTAURANTS LONGCHAMPS ARE OPEN DAILY INCLUDING ALL HOLIDAYS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA AND DINNER FROM 7 A. M. TO 11 P. M.

The London Lido

A dignified dinner coat of unstudied smartness, tailored with that rare skill which assures genuine comfort.

Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear

$55 and more

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue
Entrance 46th St.

Design your own *Rental* Apartment

You can have double height ceilings, full length windows, marvelous closets, colored bathrooms—and anything else you can imagine wanting in an apartment . . . if you act now before construction starts.

Renting Agent:
A. G. Walker & Co., Inc.
565 Lexington Ave. Plaza 5750

44
GRAMERCY PARK
North

Superfluous Hair

Removed by Multiple Electrolysis

My method is enthusiastically endorsed by science, and I give you my expert personal and confidential attention.

Write for booklet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Consultation free.

MARY ELIZABETH SCOLLAN
1 West 34th St. Phone WIS. 7889
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

must have patterns, you can find some unusual ones; the best shirts cost $13.50, and the quality of material and workmanship really justifies the price; others from $7.50 up. Flannel shorts with pockets, belt loops, and pleats, range from $4 to $7.50; the more highly priced being of soft French Viyella. Some have hookless slide fasteners instead of buttons.

ALL of Jaeger's bathing suits are made in England of spring-knit worsted. They are well cut and the colors and patterns show a welcome restraint. Those plain navy and black suits that we have been crying for can be bought here at $8.50. Other dark suits have three half-inch stripes of bright colors set close together around the chest; $9.50. Knitted trunks with a striped step-in shirt and a white canvas belt sell for $10.75; and the same effect in a one-piece suit is gained by making the upper part of the shirt a bright color and the skirt and trunks of black jersey; a white stripe runs around the waist underneath the white canvas belt; $10.50. Separate belts of woollen in plain white and colored stripes cost seventy-five cents. The white ones ought to look well with flannel trousers.

AT Tripler's they suggest a coffee-colored shirt, dark-brown flannel shorts, and a white belt. This outfit costs $15. There are some gray shirts with narrow blue stripes that match a stripe down the sides of dark-blue flannel shorts, and one can get a flannel bathrobe in the same shade of blue. We have spoken before of the terry-cloth beach robe that is cut like a polo coat—double-breasted, with pearl buttons, notched lapels, and patch

Make This Startling Test!
Blow smoke through your handkerchief – it stains
Brush with Bost – stain disappears
It acts the same with tooth stain!
BOST TOOTH PASTE

©1929, Bost, Inc.

The Aristocrat of Dentifrices, at: Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Saks-Fifth Avenue; Franklin Simon & Co.; Jas. McCreery & Co.; Gimbel Bros., Inc.; Stern Bros.; Bloomingdale Bros.; Abraham & Straus, Inc.; Jas. A. Hearn & Son; Hahne & Co., Newark; and at all leading Metropolitan and Suburban drug stores

after four sets

After four sets, Five Fruit!... Hay's Five Fruit, luscious quintet of pure, wholesome fruit juices...cool, thirst-quenching, every drop joyously redolent of the fruits themselves.

Hay's Five Fruit is refreshing—thrilling in cocktails, desserts!

Depend on the smart, red-wrapped bottle—a mine of resource to busy hostesses. At good food and drug stores. ***Write for "35 Ways of Serving"***

Try also Hay's Panama Punch ...the "Tang of Tropical Fruit."

HAY'S Five Fruit

Hay's Fruit Juice Co., 73 York Street, Portland, Me.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO
IN THE PAVILION

LEO REISMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
VICTOR RECORDS AND VITAPHONE

THE
ESSEX & SUSSEX
SPRING LAKE NEW JERSEY
DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

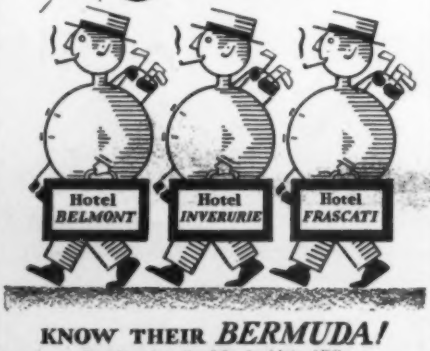
A RESORT HOTEL of distinctive superiority. Two 18-hole golf courses. Hot and cold salt water baths. Furnished cottages with hotel service. **Now Open.**

C. S. KROM, *Manager*

Telephone: Spring Lake 255

Booklet, Floor Plan and Rates on Application

3 WISE MEN



KNOW THEIR *BERMUDA!*

Be wise also. Send for booklets ABC.
BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED
230 Park Ave., N. Y. C. *Telephone Murray Hill 5789*
Or Any Authorized Tourist Agency

pockets. It is powder blue and the price is $22.

SPALDING features the Surf King—a one-piece suit, with a skirt, in black, navy, and striped blue-gray and black; $6. Separate trunks of knitted worsted come only in navy; $2.25. One can also buy cotton trunks with red and white, and blue and white stripes, such as they wear in France, that cost only fifty cents, and silk-and-wool shirts in brown and green mixtures that sell for $12.

MACY has plain colored suits for $4.69, separate shirts for $3.24, and knitted trunks with a drawstring, in navy, black, and gray, for $3.24. You might as well be warned that they do not carry striped suits in any size over 42. There are also a great many of those amusing inflated rubber animals in the form of seahorses, ducks, sharks, and snakes; and there is even a pelican.

WE saw a Skiboard at Wanamaker—an aquaplane propelled by its own outboard motor. Its price is $67.50, and a suitable motor costs about $185. For amateur divers they have a copper helmet to be worn with a bathing suit. Air is supplied through a rubber hose attached to a hand pump, and it is wise to choose someone in whom you have a certain amount of confidence to man the pump. Useful for repairing a boat, fixing a propeller, or just looking around the bottom of the ocean. Complete with hose and pump; $125.

INCIDENTALS: Circulair, an electric fan that revolves in a horizontal position and doesn't create a draft. For office desk or dining-table; $23. At Styles & Cash, 17 West Forty-fifth Street. . . . Espadrilles, Basque canvas shoes with rope soles, in white and colored awning stripes; $1.50 at Saks-Fifth Avenue. . . . Whirlpool Wonder Mixer, a cocktail shaker that works quickly by means of a plunger; $3.50 at Stearn, 430 Madison Avenue. —G. McC.

•

HOWEVER

[*From the Flatonia (Tex.) Argus*]

Mr. John Starry underwent an operation for appendicitis at his home Sunday afternoon. Doctors Young, of LaGrange, and Marcey, of Flatonia, performed the operation. I am glad, however, to report Mr. John Starry doing nicely.

FRAGRANCE *at your finger tips*

THE NEWEST VOGUE

perfumed liquid nail polish

"THEY" ARE USING IT! In Paris—London—Vienna—New York—everywhere, the brilliant society that sets the mode has eagerly taken up this charming new fashion in manicuring!

Northam Warren, the expert who has made the care of the hands his life study, introduces this enchanting new *perfumed* Cutex Liquid Polish.

He searched until he found the exact fragrance—delicious, evanescent, as faint as the scent of drifting plum blossoms. This captivating perfumed Liquid Polish gives to your nails a lovely luminous lustre.

The Paris perfume gallantly pays duty at the customs—yet the magic flagon of this new perfumed Cutex Liquid Polish plus a twin flagon of Cutex Polish Remover only costs you 60¢. Already it is waiting for you at all drug and department stores. For an especially brilliant polish, and one that will last for days and days, apply two coats to your nails. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

CUTEX *new perfumed liquid polish*

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—6¢

I enclose 6¢ for generous samples of the new Cutex Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9Y-6, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

two . . .

Mediterranean cruises

Why *two* Mediterranean cruises by Canadian Pacific next winter? Because of a growing demand for Canadian Pacific's cruise management.

Thus, 2 identical voyages. Which best suits your plans? S.S. Empress of Scotland sails from New York next Feb. 3 . . . S. S. Empress of France, Feb. 13. The one, spacious giantess and Mediterranean favorite for years...the other, a more intimate yet equally luxurious cruise queen!

Both cover the same complete Mediterranean picture... 73 days, 17 contrasting countries... the tourist trails and many off-the-beaten-path places, too... Majorca, with its romance of Chopin and Georges Sand... Mt. Etna in Sicily... carnival Venice... Dubrovnik in gay, young-old Jugo-Slavia... Greece, from peasant Corfu to classic Athens ...18 days in the Biblical lands, Damascus to the Nile!

Either cruise for as low as $900. Booklets, reservations . . . from your own agent, or

Canadian Pacific

District Office, E. T. Stebbing
344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York

OUT OF TOWN

Bridge and Swordfish—Inland by Steamer—Glorifying the Fourth

ONE way to catch Philadelphians off their guard and find out how nice they can really be is to meet them at Watch Hill. Somehow they seem to act there as if golf and fishing were more important than the Assembly, for which reason charming people from other cities go too, and it's a pleasant, not too formal place—while pretty right and tight for all that. The cottagers don't look down their noses at the guests who stay at the Ocean House or the Plimpton; and the Misquamicut and Winnapaug golf courses can be enjoyed by anybody with an introduction. Ask about this at your hotel. The Misquamicut is a well-planned eighteen-hole course popular with serious golfers; the Winnapaug is smaller but gives you a good game.

Swordfishing in the waters around Fishers Island, Block Island, and Watch Hill is the kind that takes the tanned he-men of the community off on boats for trips that begin before dawn and end in comfortable hilarity after sunset. An even four, or sets of four, nearly always go, because swordfishing involves a great deal of quiet sitting on the deck in a pair of jeans, waiting for something to happen. Bridge and a long, tall, frosty drink are the logical uses for the time.

Watch Hill is reached by a small, industrious steamer plying between it and Westerly, Rhode Island; and Westerly is reached by a Shore Line train on the New Haven railway, or very easily by motor. A car is desirable for a considerable stay, just as desirable as acquaintanceship with a few old habitués.

ASIDE from its population of loyal, elderly, quiet-mannered people who return year after year, Block Island has tremendous charms for serious fishermen and yachtsmen—the sort of yachtsmen who do their own work. In addition to the unsurpassed swordfishing of the waters round about, there are mackerel and tuna to challenge anybody; and one place where the cook never holds the fisherman in contempt is Block Island. As for the cook herself—she commands regard with clam chowder, johnnycake, crabs, lobsters, and incomparable broiled eels.

Among the numerous hotels the Ocean View, and the smaller Adrian (under the same management), the new National, and the Spring House, are all really good; in addition there are innumerable old-fashioned New England boarding houses which are best decided upon after you get there—but you run no great risk at any of them. You can reach Block Island by steamer from New London, Providence, or Newport.

LONGISH WEEKEND SUGGESTIONS, for over the Fourth: Montauk Manor, at Montauk, outermost point of Long Island. Good horses and golf. . . . The Essex and Sussex at Spring Lake, New Jersey. Superb swimming and quite gay. . . . Buckwood Inn, Shawnee-on-the-Delaware, Pennsylvania. Famous golf. . . . The Chamberlin-Vanderbilt, Old Point Comfort, Virginia. A touch of the Old South at a smart beach resort. . . . Montreal, with half a dozen fine hotels and no firecrackers. . . . Atlantic City or Niagara Falls, if you do things thoroughly. . . . All from three hours to overnight from town.

THE Canada Steamship Lines have begun running their tours (personally conducted, but you can overlook that) from Toronto to Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence rapids (which you shoot, in a special steamer), Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, the Saguenay River, and back to Toronto —one thousand miles of inland waterways. This takes eight days in all, and the fare, $110, includes expenses; the scenery is magnificent, the steamers are well equipped and comfortable, the food is good. The hotels you stop at are fine ones—the Mount Royal, Windsor, or Queen's Hotel, Montreal; and the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. There is also a special ten-day trip, for $135, that offers in addition a two days' stay at the new Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, which we mentioned recently.

Your own travel agent, and the Canada Steamship Lines' office at 535 Fifth Avenue, will make reservations.

—FOOT-LOOSE

You INSTANTLY See

why liquid Ambrosia awakens the radiant youth of the skin

An easy test shows you the actual truth about the care of the skin.

1st, cleanse the face with a cream in the usual way.

2nd, wipe as clean as possible.

3rd, saturate a pad of cotton with Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over the face.

You're amazed at the dirt liquid Ambrosia removes from a skin you thought perfectly clean.

THESE ARE THE FACTS: Every skin needs two things. First, perfect cleansing. Second, enough oil to keep soft. Dry skins must be supplied with a softening oil by a facial cream. Oily skins need no cream: nature alone supplies more than is needed. But every skin must first have perfect, pore-deep cleansing.

No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen the pores—no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Cleansed to their depths with Ambrosia each day, the pores become naturally fine, the skin texture firm and clear. Your face soon has the radiant youth of perfect skin health. Start using Ambrosia today and begin now to possess the exquisite skin you have always wanted to have.

AS EASY TO USE AS YOUR COMPACT. No grease in Ambrosia to smear up the hair or leave a shine on the face. Carry the pocket flacon of Ambrosia in your purse and be sure of looking your best each hour of the day. Three sizes of the patrician flat-backed Ambrosia bottle at all better drug and department stores—$1.50, $2.50, $4.50.

INDIVIDUAL TREATMENTS FOR EACH TYPE OF SKIN

For oily skin

1. Wipe face and neck with Ambrosia, repeating until the skin is perfectly clean.
2. Rinse with warm water.
3. Finish with ice or very cold water.

Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

For normal skin

1. Saturate absorbent cotton with liquid Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over the face and neck, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil.
2. Stroke the face up with the fingers until dry.

Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

For dry skin

1. At night cleanse face and neck with Ambrosia, stroking dry with fingers.
2. Smooth on a facial cream.
3. In the morning cleanse again with Ambrosia to remove all wax left in the pores by the cream.

Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

AMBRŌSIA

A Cleanser · A Tonic · A Powder Base

HINZE AMBROSIA, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City

Here's baggage protection without red-tape

What is it worth to you to know that if your baggage IS lost, damaged or stolen you'll be reimbursed *promptly?* You'll be surprised how little it costs to have this feeling of security. Get a North America Personal Effects policy from your agent or broker.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of Bell classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"
Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon

Insurance Co. of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. NY-6

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

wants information on Personal Effects Insurance.

THE HUDSON'S YONDER SHORE

ALONG that dim, distant western shore of the river, opposite Manhattan, a dozen towns mingle in one jungle of a city, known vaguely as Jersey. Of these places, Jersey City is the largest, Hoboken the gayest, and Union City the wickedest.

Hoboken is the most densely populated city in the country, and one of the smallest in area. It is one mile square. The best restaurant in Hoboken is unknown to the tourist or carriage trade. It lies under the elevated railway in the packing-house section, behind a saloon, and serves steaks and chops, tender as pomegranates, the pick of the market, to brawny wholesale butchers who work in the neighborhood.

Keigmeyer's was the best saloon in Hoboken. Its proprietor made the mistake of closing with the advent of prohibition. He now works for Henry Muzzy in Meyer's Hotel, but steadfastly refuses to serve the outlanders who come to the rathskeller to drink near-beer and listen to the Bavarian yodellers from Brooklyn. He is cordial only to old friends.

A funicular railway carries trucks from Hoboken up the Palisades, which trolley cars ascend by way of a perilous trestle. A secret tunnel leads from Stevens Castle to the river's edge. Its origin is obscure, and it is only used now during initiation ceremonies at Stevens Institute.

A roadhouse in Weehawken, near the scene of the Hamilton-Burr duel, specializes in Alexander cocktails.

UNION CITY boasts the broadest-beamed burlesque show in the East, and the most powerful beer. It resents the slander that illuminating gas is bubbled through near-beer to make it acceptable to visitors.

The best fried oysters in the state are found in lower Montgomery Street in Jersey City; and Malachi Doody,

HOTEL
DELMONICO
PARK AVENUE
at 59th

EVERY facility for effortless hospitality will be found in the Delmonico, New York's newest and smartest hotel, leasing from October first with occupancy in August.

Reservations are now being taken for weddings, debutante parties, etc. in the Grand Ball Room. Telephone Volunteer 3913.

JOHN F. SANDERSON
General Manager

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc. *Renting Agent*
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

THE NEW YORKER *in St. Louis*

Likes the Terrace Lounge on the Boulevard

The Hotel **Coronado**
SAINT-LOUIS

LINDELL BLVD. --- AT SPRING AVE.

HOMES :: APARTMENTS
Country :: City
furnished, unfurnished, sale or rent.
Also desirable offices and lofts.
Mrs. Wilbur Lyon, 500 Fifth Avenue
Longacre 0856

whose place is around the corner, is famous for his buttermilk.

Taylor's Hotel, nearby, where Jay Gould and Jim Fisk fled to avoid Commodore Vanderbilt's sheriffs, still stands; as does the Erie depot, which was built by these worthies. The Pennsylvania Railroad, much to the chagrin of local residents, will not sell a ticket from points west to Jersey City, but only to New York.

For fifty years Jersey City has maintained a better political machine than Tammany. Local political campaigns are famous. Verbal and tangible brickbats, and outmoded eggs, fly right and left. Mayor Hague, who is the current boss, was born in the Horseshoe section of the lower city, and was once janitor of the City Hall. He now lives in a duplex apartment boasting a marble fountain and is better-dressed than Mayor Walker, but is much more harassed by his political opponents.

CLUB life in Jersey City is complex. The Union League Club in Van Vorst Square is strongly Democratic. But then the Dante Alighieri Society, where Martinelli is an honored member, is largely Irish. The Wang Social and Athletic Club in Henderson Street sponsors annually a Memorial Day service on the morning of May 30, and a shirtwaist dance on the same evening.

Discus-throwing is unknown in the Horseshoe, but Pat Kane, ex-president of the Moonlight Pals, Inc., once hurled an armchair across Pavonia Avenue and through the window of the rival Second Ward Democratic Club. So things keep stirring.

The tiles in the Holland Tunnel are scrubbed nightly between two and three. All the policemen in this tube are Republicans, while those on the Hudson Boulevard are all Democrats. The latter are the highest-paid cops in the country, and their expletives the strongest. All Jersey policemen hate New York motorists.

The Colonial doorways in York Street, in the Paulus Hook section, are not appreciated by the Lithuanian tenantry, although adventuring architects rediscover them from time to time.

Charles E. Hughes was raised in Jersey City, where his father was a Baptist minister; but he has never been back. Jane Gibson, famous in the Hall-Mills trial, lay for months dying in the Jersey City Hospital. She is still alive, which speaks well for the local physicians. Or better for the stagecraft of the prosecuting attorney.

The Statue of Liberty turns her back on Bayonne; and no poets are known to have been born there. Bayonne was once a summer resort, but now is full of oil refineries and model tenements, built by the Rockefellers, who manufacture Esso, Nujol, and Flit in the place.

No New Yorkers pay much attention to Jersey, nor is there any reason they should. —JOHN D. MCMASTER

• •

DECLARATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE

A List of Courageous Avowals Gleaned from Recent News Reports

LOCALE	THE DECLARANT	THE SITUATION	THE DECLARATION
New York	The Explorers' Club	Debated the admission of women to membership in the club	Voted to bar them from the premises.
Birmingham	Judge H. B. Abernethy	Would not permit lawyers to bring law books into court	"I decide cases on merit, and keep law in the background."
Jersey City	Stephen Milligan	Got 5 days in jail for saying "What the hell!" in courtroom	"I don't give a damn!" *
New York	Trader Horn	Arrived from Los Angeles on a day coach, shaking cinders out of his whiskers	"I never slept in a Pullman in my life, and don't intend to start in at my age."
Traverse City	Judge K. M. Landis	Was asked to deliver an address to the Kiwanis	"Never! They're a nuisance."

*Got 5 days more for this.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

The 19th Cup that *cheers*

NO MATTER how you fare on the fairway, it's the 19th cup that makes or mars the day. Today you'll find Mission Dry, the bracy new sparkling orange beverage in all convivial locker rooms. The famous black bottle is sealed right at the groves in California — an amazingly delicious drink with an uncanny ability to promote good fellowship.

Bottled at the groves by California Crushed Fruit Corporation, Los Angeles New York Chicago

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

"keep your head up,

or it will get you in the end," said the clever cinema customer —"don't get burned by hiding your head — look around and choose that entertainment at

the criterion

from paramount's abundant plumage are "four feathers" for the cap of anyone who sees them ... african shots for jaded new york arms

the rialto

is united artists' "alibi"—the world's best excuse for straying from home — at least that's what the gals say who see chester morris

the rivoli— united artists

reading from left to right, jails, frails, two-fisted males in "thunderbolt"–paramount's talking smash with george bancroft delivering the punch

the paramount

where

the super of the silents, adolphe menjou, becomes the gallant of the talkers in "fashions in love," paramount purveying ... midst pleasures and a palace is paul ash, melodious and what not ... the jesse crawfords big and little, play a couple of mean organs.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Bancroft Has Some Fun—Below Par

THE deathhouse jocularities of "Thunderbolt," the new Bancroft film at the Rivoli, may shock the dainty-minded, but the majority of the movie public will find this a thoroughly good underworld picture.

George Bancroft, the best actor on the screen for this sort of part, somehow contrives to make a gang-leader, known to his adherents by the telling name of Thunderbolt, a delightful, even a charming character. Not that his activities in the story are particularly charming, as he is intent first on shooting an innocent young bank clerk who has won the heart of his girl, and then, out of jealous revenge, on having the boy framed for murder. He goes about this vindictive business, however, with a large geniality which imbues it with fascination, and he speaks his lines with a welcome clarity.

The picture is not all Bancroft's. Something must be said for the direction of Von Sternberg, who has given a neat finish to the details. The prison scenes, with their unwonted humor, owe much also to Tully Marshall, as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden—one of the best comedy bits, in a slight way, we have seen this year.

THERE is little reason to visit "Drag," at the Warner Brothers' Theatre. It lacks the polish that would have made it a good small-town family comedy, and it shows Mr. Barthelmess with more of a jowl than becomes a movie star.

There is even less reason to behold Alice White in a feeble imitation of "The Broadway Melody" called "Broadway Babies," and no reason whatever, that we could find, to see "Two Weeks Off," "The Wheel of Life," "The Fall of Eve," or "Morgane, the Enchantress." —J. C. M.

•

BRITISH LABOR FIGHTS FOR POWER—*Headline in a Cincinnati paper.*

Whereas ours is content with mere affluence.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE GLOBE THEATRE BROADWAY and 46th ST WHERE
CARL LAEMMLE'S *Dramatic Thriller*
The ONE *and* ONLY
BROADWAY
is being shown
TWICE DAILY 2.50-8.50
HEAR..."SING A LITTLE LOVE SONG" "HITTING THE CEILING".. "BROADWAY" AND THE OTHER TUNEFUL MELODIES
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

29TH WEEK
AND Set For ALL Summer Run
AFTER DARK
Or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow
At Christopher Morley's and Cleon Throckmorton's
OLD RIALTO—HOBOKEN
Every Eve. INCL. SUNDAY
Mats. Wed. and Sat.
Phone reservations, HOB. 8088
20 MINUTES FROM TIMES SQ.

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Evgs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
STREET SCENE

JOHN GOLDEN Presents FRANCINE
Larrimore
in "Let Us Be Gay" By RACHEL CROTHERS
LITTLE, Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout
HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting
BROADHURST West 44 Street Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

Personal Direction L. ROTHAFEL (ROXY)
ROXY
WORLD'S GREATEST THEATRE
People of Discriminating Taste Enjoy Roxy Entertainment where the best of Talking Pictures and Stage Presentations are offered including
32 ROXYETTES
ROXY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
BALLET CORPS—CHORUS and SOLOISTS

HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Ice Cooled. Evs. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
THE NEW TANSKIN SENSATION
CONNIE'S
HOT CHOCOLATES
WITH BABY COX & EDITH WILSON
AND COMPANY OF 85

LEXINGTON
NEWS
June 29 to July 1: Lon Chaney in "Where East Is East"; "Our Gang"; July 2, 3: Milton Sills in "Love and Devil"; 3 Audible acts; July 4, 5: "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY", with Lily Damita; July 6, 7, 8 all talking: "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH", with Richard Dix
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicle shows."—Her. Trib.
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Evs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES

SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Evs. 8:30 sharp
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

EARL CARROLL Thea., 50 St. & 7th Av.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Opens Monday Eve., July 1st
EARL CARROLL'S
Sketch Book
New Revue of Laughs & Beauties
EDDIE CANTOR
featuring
WILL MAHONEY—WILLIAM DEMAREST
and THE THREE SAILORS
56 Prize-Winning Beauties

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
by FRANTISEK LANGER
GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Evs. 8:50
Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

"If you've followed your season closely you'll get great fun from this edition."—Charles Brackett.
★ Grand Street Follies ★
with ALBERT CARROLL, DOROTHY SANDS and PAULA TRUEMAN
BOOTH Thea., West 45th St. Evs. 8:20
Matinees WED. & SAT., 2:20

AMBASSADOR Thea., 49th W. of B'y. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST LAUGH IN TOWN!
LITTLE 9TH BIG MONTH ACCIDENT
with Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander

NEW AMSTERDAM Thea., On 42nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Directors
EDDIE CANTOR IN "WHOOPEE"
438 SEATS AT $1.00

New York's Smash Hit !!
RONALD COLMAN
in His First All Talking Picture
BULKDOG DRUMMOND
GEO. WHITE'S APOLLO W. 42d ST.-TWICE DAILY 2:45-8:45
SEATS SELLING 4 WEEKS AHEAD.

THE OARSMEN

Stern Chase—Five Miles for Yale—Aftermath

IN all the long history of Yale and Harvard rowing—and there is no older event in this country's sports—it is doubtful whether there has ever been a more peaceful race than last Friday's; and it was the first in a great many years to have its excitement come after the finish. The fifth mile that Yale's varsity rowed roused more discussion than the four formal ones between the marker-flags. From the very start the lines of yachts were silent; the knocking of the crews' rowlocks was almost the only noise. Not until the end was there any cheering. A whistle or two cut loose as Yale passed, to die out again by the time Harvard had come along. No one except the Harvard eight can know in full what a deadly journey that was, chasing a tireless ghost through lines of respectfully quiet people.

THE Yale varsity of 1928 beat Harvard by more distance, but not as badly. This year's crew paddled over the course; it never raced. Seldom does a shell get such a perfect run and swing. That, the real thrill of rowing, comes to oarsmen perhaps four or five times a year, rarely more often. It arrives when all eight men suddenly fuse into a living machine that drives the boat along and makes it feel light as a feather. Friday Yale probably could have beaten any crew, even some of the great eights at Poughkeepsie.

Behind them came a Harvard crew that was better than last year's, and that rowed well all through the course. The men said that the boat had more of the proper feeling than at any other time during the season; but chasing Yale was like chasing a shadow.

THE incident of rowing to the boathouse without stopping seemed to bother the graduates more than the Harvard crew itself. It was not preconceived; for a few strokes one of the Yale men thought the race was still on, and yelled for a finishing spurt.

It is not likely that Yale will do this again. Not these oarsmen anyway, for they rowed the hardest two-mile stretch of their lives after they got back to the boathouse. When Leader arrived they were out of their shell, but

4 WHEELS
No "Breaks"

THE FOUR WHEELS of the EASY HONE work continuously, without interruption or BREAKS—and give 500 or more shaves from any blade of the Gillette type. The Easy Hone's *four wheels*, made of Carborundum, HONE and STROP in *one* operation, and make an old, discarded blade superior to new. The EASY HONE is sold for $5.00 and awaits you at:

WECK CUTLERY STORES
PARKER & BATTERSBY
CORNELL DRUG STORES
C. KLAUBERG & BROS., INC.
NAUHEIM PHARMACIES
New York, Brooklyn and Westchester
SCHIEFFELIN & CO.
Wholesale Distributor to Drug Trade, New York

The EASY HONE
THE EASY HONE CO. Inc.
16-18 West 22nd Street, New York City
GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

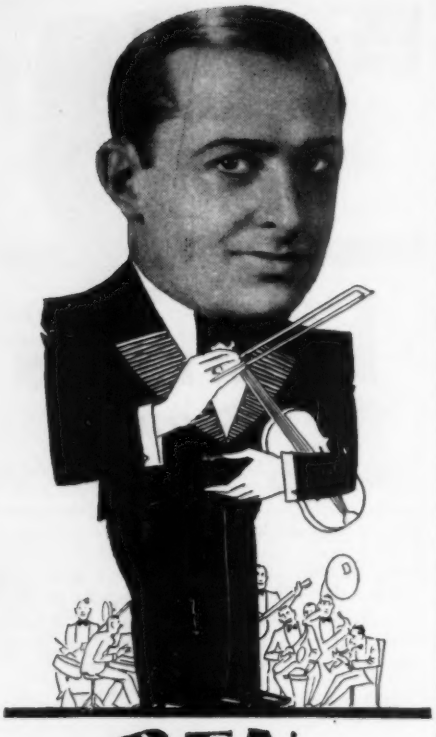
Learn to FLY at
NEWARK AIR SCHOOL
under personal supervision of

Captain JOHN O. DONALDSON
Noted American Ace and Leading Aviation Authority

Average enrollment 200. Elementary and advanced courses by expert transport pilots. Ten latest type airplanes for student training. Write for catalog.

Half hour from New York by car or by Hudson Tubes and No. 4 bus

NEWARK AIR SERVICE
INC.
NEWARK AIR SERVICE, Inc.
Authorized Dealers for Travelair and Mohawk Airplanes
Newark Metropolitan Airport, Newark, N. J.
Phone, Mulberry 1310



BEN BERNIE
MAKES FIVE SWELL NEW RECORDS FOR BRUNSWICK

I Kiss Your Hand, Madame
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert
I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert 4315

I'll Tell The World
(You're All The World To Me)
Vocal chorus by Frank Munn
Sweet Suzanne
Vocal chorus by Dick Robertson 4255

Till We Meet
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert
Coquette
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert 4284

Mean To Me
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert
My Castle In Spain Is A Shack In The Lane
Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert 4274

I'll Get By
(As Long As I Have You)
Vocal chorus by Eddy Thomas
Glad Rag Doll
Vocal chorus by Eddy Thomas 4168

he ordered them in again for a mile's row to Harvard's quarters, and a cheer. The two miles down and back were rowed through the wakes of nearly a thousand craft. It seemed impossible for a shell to live in such water. Later that evening, while the graduates shook their heads, the two crews got together at the Griswold and forgot the incident.

IT is not the first time an eight has continued on to the boathouse without waiting for the loser. Washington did once, in a race against California. They stopped after they had finished, cheered, and then rowed away before California arrived. Years ago Yale and Navy rowed each other regularly, and one year a Navy crew did the same thing to Yale—and the row from the finish of the course to the Annapolis boathouse is quite a journey. Yale and Navy stopped racing each other soon after, and the legend is that the extra Navy mileage of the day was the cause of their break.

AT YALE AND HARVARD'S SIXTY-SEVENTH PARTY: W. A. Meikleham and Valentine Chappell running things, as they have for twenty-five years. . . . Charlie Payson's beautiful new Saga poking its sharp prow slowly upstream as the morning races started. The dingy little Coast Guard cutter rushing over to stop her until the juniors had finished their race. . . . The magnificent last-minute rush of the Yale freshmen in one of the gamest finishes in years. . . . Glasses at the Griswold fifty cents apiece. Paid for in advance and broken afterward. . . . The seaplane turning a somersault over a motorboat's mast after the varsity race was over. . . . The speed-boat that raced around the Griswold landing and managed to hit four boats at once. . . . The yacht with the huge crimson "H" outlined on her rigging with electric lights. . . . The yacht with red and blue lights from bow to stern. . . . The silence of the river during the race and the uproar in the Griswold's harbor after it was over. —R. F. K.

•

This candy Not the same candy you buy in Dix ave our candy different tham others our Stock of candy absolutely pure chocolate from and many has been surprise here so cheape here tham any place in town—I thank you.—*Sign in window of store in Buckhead, Ga.*

Oh, no trouble at all!

1 HOUR 45 MIN. FLYING TIME

"Have Traveled by Horse, Donkey and Camel—

but this beats everything", says one enthusiastic Colonial passenger.
With such a testimonial—signed and freely given—before us, we are confident in soliciting your patronage—no matter what your previous modes of travel may have been.
In the meantime—Colonial 14-passenger cabin liners are at your service twice daily to Boston and return—on the cool, smooth skyway!
The new Summer schedule permits of travel during the noon hours, with luncheon on the plane—the Colonial office is open for reservations from 8:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m.—more evidence of Colonial's extra-service.

TWO TRIPS DAILY AND SUNDAYS
Connecting Buses Leave Hotel Pennsylvania at 11:00 A.M.-4:15 P.M.
(*Daylight Saving Time*)

COLONIAL AIR TRANSPORT INC
270 Madison Avenue
Phone ASHland 4966

GOOD NEWS
You can save
$2,000

and own this big, superb bodied, silent sleeve motored car with factory guarantee. 1928 Stearn Knight 8-90, 7 passenger sedan. Wood wheels, spares on sides. Slightly used as demonstrator. Cannot be told from new car. Superb bargain in fine car. Cost new $6000—sale price $4000. Come in.

Exchange Car Department

Stearns-Knight Sales Corp.
Broadway at 62nd St.
Terms to suit *Phone Col. 9020*

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JUNE 19

THE annual Franco-American film row, which for the past three springs seemed no more blood-curdling than a bad boys' battle behind a barn, has suddenly assumed an unpleasantly serious character. Some five hundred French chambers of commerce have submitted to their government a protest, in which films are not clearly mentioned, but *cherchez les films* is clearly understood. The French Cinematographers' Syndicate has been demanding that America take one French film for every seven American movies imported by France. Drunk with success—not half a dozen of the Gallic reels thus bartered were shown in first-run American houses; a few made the neighborhood-movie grade, and the rest were buried at midnight—the syndicate now demands a ratio of 4 to 1. Hollywood, via Washington, has mutinied; if this is ratified by the French Cabinet, no more American films will be sent to France. In the two hundred and fifty-odd cinemas listed each week in *La Semaine à Paris*, almost half feature American films. The customers demand them. Things therefore look bad for the French movie fan. They look even worse for the French movie house.

THOUGH for centuries the French were the model-makers of the European stage, a good French film is rare. "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" was directed by a Dane. "Thérèse Raquin," easily the best drama of the season, was directed in Germany, and with German actors, by Feyder, a Frenchman of such talent that he fled to Hollywood to be appreciated. De Baroncelli works for Belgian capital, Germaine Dulac had foreign aid for her "Oublié," René Clair works for Albatros and Sofar, both foreign managements, and Epstein used private funds in his excellent but uncommercial "Finis Terrae."

The popularity of American films is older and more to be believed in than the unpopularity of Americans. It dates from the days before the war when Pearl White, even in serial form, was so beloved that she was flatteringly reported betrothed to a French nobleman, and Bill Hart, under the soubriquet of Rio Jim, enjoyed so great a vogue that certain of his westerns are still shown in the repertory of *avant-garde*—which often really means ideally old-fashioned—theatres.

THE beginning of the summer season is always marked by a brief flowering of the best art shows of the year. The young selected for exposure in June are usually considered so promising that they can get their shows on a selling basis instead of paying heavily for the privilege of being exposed in the earlier spring.

One of the best in this category has been Pavlik Tchelichew's exhibit, at the Pierre Gallery, a small collection marked by imaginative unity, and a gamut of fine fatigued colors that may indicate which way the wind is blowing over a Europe blinded by the last few years' strident tones. Watched as one of the few personal, non-imitative talents in Paris today, he has already been placed in the collection of Gertrude Stein, and has been portraitist of Edith Sitwell, and Lifar of the Russian Ballet, for which he has made décors. The opening was attended by a brilliant gathering of intellectuals and quarrels; in other words, it was a healthy, notable success.

FOLLOWING the romantic revivals of several springs—which last year successfully resuscitated Delacroix, but failed with Ingres the year before—a magnificent retrospective of Courbet is on view at the Petit Palais. While unfortunately it lacks many of the perfect items still in exile, it contains others—long since lost to France—graciously lent from all corners of the globe. About two hundred canvases are presented, covering, as Courbet conscientiously did, all the favorite moments of his and every other romantic period. The Sunday séances have brought out the bourgeois and the poor old bearded painters, elated to

OUR SMART FOLKS USE OVER

3,000,000

Bottles Yearly

Jo-cuŕ is used for finger-waving at home, by the clever fingers of the smartest women. Makes the coiffure a simple matter. You wave your own hair to suit your personality in your own boudoir. The effect is Parisian. The cost—New York.

Jo-cuŕ

WAVESET

A splendid dressing for the permanent wave.

For Finger-Waving Your Own Hair

Large Size Bottle
From Your Dealer . . . **50¢**

CURRAN LABORATORIES, INC.
485 East 133rd Street ~ New York City

Play the SILVER KING

now only 85¢

[*And still the world's finest dollar ball*]

Many a golfer who thought the King a buy at $1 is rejoicing at this news!

And we take further pleasure in assuring the enthusiasts that the new price goes for the original King—the world's greatest distance ball—the world's outstanding quality ball—known and sold on six continents as "The King 'O Them All".

With the King selling at this new low price no man need deny himself the best in this year of 1929!

The Silvertown Company, London

• • •

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK
Sole United States Distributors

find proof again that, as they suspected, modern art is merely an enormous, successful mistake.

A DEFENCE of modern art was to be seen in Guillaume's private collection, shown at Bernheim Jeune, as expansive and expensive a gathering of merchants' painters as this or any other trader could produce, with the exception of what Vollard and Rosenberg hide in their vaults. There were about fifteen Picassos; the same amount of Laurencins; rare Modiglianis, including portraits of the Guillaume family and Cocteau; a half hundred Matisses, including his lithographs; a dozen Rousseaus, among them his momentarily invaluable "Cariole du M. Jumel;" the same amount of Renoirs of the oily period; a handful of Cézannes, including two of his wife—the best of the lot; and thirty superb Derains. The last group would alone have made the show worth while.

THE Prix de Diane, the great annual June race at Chantilly, was a gala of sunshine, of winning outsiders, gray derbies, and smart Frenchwomen. The course, one of the prettiest in Europe, with its château, its forest, and its country cottages, has as an additional charm its saddling-ring on the edge of the woods. Here, beneath the green light of the elms, the animals, the jockeys, each in his silks, the owners and their gray toppers, and the slim women, heavy with scent and furs, make a calm, elegant, social, and equine picture comparable to the best of Constantin Guys. The relative absence of Americans and cocottes made it clear that the Prix de Diane is still an upper-class French affair, and that the June season is slipping back to the place it held before the war and the foreign invasion. For two years the tide has been turning; this year, April and May definitely marked the height of the American and British participation, with June being left, as it was formerly, to the French. Travellers have returned to the Rhineland, to the spas and Swedish tours of before the war. France, which exclusively enjoyed the patronage of moneyed foreigners for the first ten years of peace, is perhaps having more peace now than it desires. —GENÊT

•

LIFTS SCAVENGING TO A HIGHER PLANE
—*Headline in the Times.*

The refueling idea?

"Came the Dawn"

—and *College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail*

CAME the grinning sun . . . your tongue fuzzier than a top hat . . . and you faintly recollect a cadenza of laughter and a tinkle of glasses. If you're wise, you'll pour a glass of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Quickly you'll find new vigor . . . that undiluted juice of sun-ripened tomatoes blended with spices and lemon . . . all ready to serve . . . "hits the spot." Food shops sell it . . . drug stores serve it. College Inn Food Products Co., Chicago.

Chicken a la King . . . Welsh Rarebit
Cream of Tomato Soup . . . Chop Suey
Chili Con Carne
Lobster a la Newburg

COLLEGE INN TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

THE INIMITABLE
RUDY VALLÉE in Person
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
VILLA VALLÉE "10 EAST" 60TH ST.
Ample Parking Space
DINNER DE LUXE
TWO FIFTY EVERY EVENING
SUPPER FROM 10.30 P.M.
DANCING continuous from 7 P.M. to closing
"Cooler Than the Coolest Roof"
Reservation Phone "Jean" Regent 0351

Internationally Famous For Cuisine Modern, with Old World Charm

HOTEL LAFAYETTE
University Place
and
HOTEL BREVOORT
Lower Fifth Ave.

SOMETHING TO READ

LADY who has chosen her own reading matter for years, and still feels competent to do so, stops at the Golden Stag Circulating Library and is greeted by the librarian with a cordiality which causes her to wonder whether the woman thinks they have met somewhere before.

LIBRARIAN—I wonder if I can help you.

LADY—Thank you, but I just want to look for a book.

LIBRARIAN (*marvellously understanding*)—That's just what we want people to do. We like to have them feel that they can browse around and —er—do a little browsing.

LADY (*feeling like one of the duller ruminants*)—That's simply lovely!

LIBRARIAN (*suddenly very tender and whimsical*)—I just want you to see this little book of children's poems. Aren't they the most adorable things you ever saw?

LADY (*who when it comes to this sort of conversation always seems to suffer from grave speech defects*)—Y e s—n o—I mean, no. (*Rallying and speaking with frank brutality*) I don't like poetry and I'm not at all fond of children. I want a good novel, preferably about adults.

LIBRARIAN (*sadly*) The fiction is here. We have a wonderful collection.

Lady is pained to discover that most of the fiction was apparently bought some time ago from a second-hand book dealer. Is acutely conscious that the librarian has moved about six feet away and is watching her with eager alertness. Wishes she could think of a good way of telling her for God's sake to go off somewhere and sit down.

LIBRARIAN (*no longer able to restrain herself*)—I think you'd enjoy this one. It's rather scandalous, but I found it quite—er—refreshing.

LADY (*with a groan the librarian mistakes for the expression of outraged virtue*)—Heavens no! (*Choosing a name at random from the book reviews of her favorite paper*) Haven't you got "Awake and Rehearse"?

LIBRARIAN (*not a bit impressed*)—Oh yes, we have all the new books only they are out now. But here's something I know you'll adore, it's so amusing. I simply shrieked when I read it. My friends all thought there was something wrong with me.

Lady, who recognizes the name of a peculiarly obnoxious funny man, finds herself agreeing with the librarian's friends although she is too crushed and broken to say so. Glances about wildly and notices on a lower shelf a dreary but important novel she has been meaning to read for months.

LADY (*with a rapture that is picturesque but not entirely heartfelt*)—How perfectly marvellous to find this! I've wanted to read it ever since Christmas.

LIBRARIAN (*picking up her last rejected offering and speaking a little coldly because she is not drawn to people who have no sense of humor*)—Yes, they say it's very good.

Lady opens book and notices with sinking heart the minute print and the general aspect of depressing earnestness. Recognizes it instinctively as the kind that will hide in dark corners piling up such a fine that she can't afford to return it. Recalls the experience of a friend who after reading it suffered for several

A NEW EYE-OPENER

YOU'LL open your eyes wide with surprise when you discover the added pleasure that Squibb's Dental Cream gives to smoking.

Brush up with Squibb's. Then you'll have a legion of little Milk of Magnesia particles tucked away in the mouth crevices to protect your smoking taste from growing sulky and tepid. These particles neutralize destructive acids. The whole day through, they make each smoke taste brisker and more pleasant.

Begin using Squibb's Dental Cream tomorrow. All drug stores have it. 40c for a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

"...And How!"

(Short for: "Really, never in all my life have I eaten food so deliciously, enticingly, thrillingly flavored. A-a-ah!")

Four morning hours on the Meadowlark course (*two* in the rough), a hardly-presentable card, and a great weariness that made even post mortem conversation lusterless. Then—luncheon! "My dear, this beef roulade! Isn't it simply glorious? Taste that sherry—heavenly!" What a rhapsody of fascinating flavor!

At the club, hotel, or at home, Guasti-flavored foods are irresistible. Guasti Cooking Sherry is the same fine old sherry that has made the name of Guasti famous for years. Simply salt has been added, to take it out of the beverage class, yet *just enough* to season foods to suit the average taste.

It is now legally available **at leading grocers. Other *Guasti Cooking Aids* include Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring; also *Guasti Wine Jellies* in six varieties.**

(Permit No. L.A. Cal. H10033)

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883

Home Office... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES
Branches... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO., DEPT. A-103
11 HUBERT STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Please send me, *free* of charge, "Treasured Flavors"—a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

Name _____

Address _____

days from what was practically acute melancholia. Is seized by the ignoble impulse to drop this nonsense and go home with a detective story. Is forced to admit that she can't do so now without looking a perfect fool.

LIBRARIAN (*going through the necessary business with an efficiency that is rather surprising*)—One dollar deposit and twenty-five cents a week rental.

LADY (*wanly*)—Thank you.

LIBRARIAN (*very gracious*)—You're quite welcome. And whenever you come in I'm always glad to help you choose. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

TO MY SMALL SON BUSY IN THE BACKYARD

Here is the spot where fifty dragons died,
Yesterday morning, shortly after ten—
And here the trampled grass on every side
Was reddened with the blood of gentlemen
Nobler than ever rode beneath the sky,
Braver than Arthur's knights could ever be—
(Or so I am informed. And who am I
To doubt the tale as it was told to me?).

Nay, I am quite convinced. The thing is true—
Never such deeds were done as you rehearse.
But come, proclaim a peace this hour or two,
Scowl not upon a cringing universe,
Lord of the Back Yard and the Nursery,
Guzzler of Jello, Toper of Cambric Tea!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

•

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Van Soelen and children returned today to their attractive home in the Tesuque valley from an eventful three months at La Jolla, Cal., during which Mr. Van Soelen did a great deal of marine painting, some writing, and underwent an operation, his son Don broke an arm, the other two children figured in an auto runaway stopped by a bystander on the brink of the cliffs at high tide, and various other adventures. They had a cottage on the beach at La Jolla. —*Santa Fé New Mexican.*

They evidently didn't stay in it much.

We've brought

TUSCANY

to Great Neck

THIS most unusual apartment, a modernized version of the architecture of Tuscany in northern Italy, offers the advantages of an apartment and the atmosphere of a small home thru a very clever arrangement whereby no single entrance serves more then eight apartments. Private, secluded gardens, wood-burning fireplace, electric refrigeration. Service entrances. Servant and garage accommodations on premises. 28 minutes from New York. 63 Trains daily.

. . .

4 to 7 rooms with roof gardens. 1-3 baths. Unexcelled swimming, boating, golf, tennis and riding.

Illustrated floor plans and booklet mailed on request.

TUSCAN COURT
GARDEN APARTMENTS

75 Middle Neck Road Great Neck, L. I.

'Phones Great Neck 921-1120

the perfect *permanent* takes a perfect operator

not even the finest permanent wave apparatus in the world—the only kind used at jean's—can do everything. so much must be left to the operator—to his wisdom in suiting the wave to your hair and your face, to his skill in carrying out his conception. you may repose perfect confidence in him—provided, that is, that he is one of the gifted and trained operators employed at jean's. *phone for an appointment.*

G. JEAN

32 west 58th street, plaza 1470

RECENT BOOKS

King of Dimes and Oil—Two Generals Off Parade

THREE recently published lives of great men all remind us that we can make our lives sublime if we cultivate the friendship of good reporters. For instance, nothing ever engineered by Ivy Lee has presented the Rockefeller family in such mellow and endearing light as John K. Winkler's book, "John D.; A Portrait in Oils." Not that Mr. Winkler grows sentimental over the old gentleman; not that he closes his eyes to some of the high-handed doings of the Standard Oil in its less respectable years. Mr. Winkler sees John D. as a man with "clutching eyes," with a genius for bookkeeping, with an unholy and abnormal passion for money, and with a pronounced Horatio Alger complex.

As a good reporter, though, Mr. Winkler falls in love with his subject, and his affection includes not only the winsome old gentleman but John D. II and John D. III, in spite of the fact that a Rockefeller is as surely destined to become a Bible-class leader as a Hapsburg is fated to have adenoids and a low-swung jaw. Mr. Rockefeller is not as picturesque a character as William Randolph Hearst, the subject of Mr. Winkler's first biography. Lining up the Oil Trust was considerably more difficult than starting the Spanish-American War, but it wasn't as much fun. So John D.'s middle career, which was just one million after another, hasn't the fascination of his grubby beginnings in Cleveland or his glorious apotheosis at Pocantico Hills.

MAJOR CHARLES BUGNET was appointed aide-de-camp to Marshal Foch in 1921. One regrets that such an admirable reporter did not hold the post during the war years. In "Foch Speaks," Major Bugnet reports verbatim his many conversations with his chief. It is the book the old Marshal would have had written about himself — "No sentiments, no preconceived ideas. Let us look at the facts." Major Bugnet goes in for no romancing.

If you want an intimate, dignified, and accurate picture of the man who "went to Paris with the Armistice in his pocket," by all means read "Foch Speaks."

SERGEANT T. SECRETT left the service of Earl Haig after twenty-five years, because he couldn't marry on his salary of sixty-five pounds a year. Haig was "essentially conservative in his arrangements;" moreover, "the parting of actual cash out of his pocket was, in some strange way, most distasteful to him."

So Sergeant Secrett has written a book called "Twenty-five Years with Earl Haig." After a quarter of a century of being discreet, tactful, respectful, and "knowing his place," the Sergeant cuts loose with some anecdotes about distinguished war figures that are downright blasting, even if they are related without the slightest hint of malice.

This military valet to the English commander saw the war, and the men who directed it, with the candid eyes of an observing child. Lord Haig comes through as a gallant figure, all the more impressive because the Sergeant gives his faults and peculiarities as faithfully as he presents his virtues. Haig disliked the Americans but rather respected the Germans. He hated bawdy jokes and ribald songs, and snubbed those who forgot themselves in his presence. He looked like a handsome old Crusader and Secrett makes you feel that he tried at all times to be brave, humane, and just. In fact there is something tragic about this soldier-valet's picture of an essentially chivalrous man involved in slaughter and unsavory politics. Secrett, artlessly and unconsciously, shows you a Walter Scott hero miscast and unhappy in a Zola background.

NOW for more martial doings—this time told in fiction. "Portrait of a Spy," by E. Temple Thurston, is the story of Mata-Hari, the

. . the Vogue of Suntanned Skin

The Ultra Violet sunrays, if not controlled correctly, have a fearful power of destruction on the cellular tissues and deeper layers of the skin.

Profuse sunburn, windburn and excessive outdoor activities wilt the colloids and weaken the function of the most important and delicate oil glands and have caused many malicious ailments to countless men and women such as discolorations, enlarged pores—to say nothing of coarse skin, sharp lines, flabby muscles, and a weakened condition of the skin and muscles of the face and neck in general.

Protect your skin

against profuse sun and windburn, says Mme. Hermance—

Famous European Skin Specialist

Make a test today with her famous Ortosan 5-in-One Skinfood. A dash of Ortosan in the morning will protect face and neck during the entire day. A slight film safeguards the body even in salt water bathing, leaving the smart, becoming summer tan without the horror of painful sunburn. For a blistering skin, apply Ortosan 5-in-One; it will stop pains almost immediately.

ORTOSAN
5-in-ONE

Is different from any cream or ointment in existence, which no imitation ever has approached. Created in Germany and perfected by Mme. Hermance over a period of 25 years.

Order Ortosan 5-in-One Skinfood today.

At all leading New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit department stores, Neve, Whalen and other drug stores, or send $2.00 to Mme. Hermance direct for a jar of her famous Ortosan 5-in-One, a face muscle training chart and scientific booklet "The Secret of Retaining a Young Face and A Beautiful Skin."

ORTOSAN
Mme. Louise Hermance, Inc.
62 West 57th St., Dept. 61, N. Y. C.

© 1929, L. H.

WHAT!
NO MELACHRINOS—
Oh death, where is thy sting?

... So said the Hamill Sisters, for they refuse to have a serious thought once they get into their make-up for the *Black Crook*.

Almost as old as the *Black Crook* itself, Melachrino has been the favorite of discriminating smokers since 1879. Each year for fifty years, its mild Turkish tobacco — the choicest and most costly grown — has made more and more firm friends. No greater tribute could be paid to the excellence of any cigarette.

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

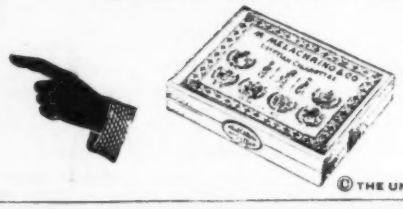
The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50. B. 6-29-29

Initials _____ _____. _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MELACHRINO
CIGARETTES

1879-1929 — 50 YEARS A LEADER
QUALITY STANDS THE TEST OF TIME



STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

© THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY

"New Yorks very best"
The Madison
Hotel and Restaurant
MADISON AVENUE AT FIFTY EIGHT STREET·NEW YORK CITY

CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"
THEODORE TITZÉ MANAGING DIRECTOR

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

Name .....

Address .....

Beginning with the issue of .....

☐ FOR.....WEEKS } PLEASE SEND THE MAGAZINE TO
☐ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

New Address.....

.....

unfortunate adventuress who was the war's gift to the Sunday supplements. Mr. Thurston's fiction has a greater air of verity than any of the so-called biographies of the spy. Certainly his mysterious Liane Sonrel was the ultimate in sirens when she could find lovers willing and glad to accept her three-year-old daughter and her trained python as residents in their studio quarters.

THE jacket of "Vivandière!" blazes with high endorsements by Arnold Bennett and Frank Swinnerton. The novel—a historical romance of the Grand Army in Russia—is soundly written and without affectations. Phoebe Fenwich Gaye creates a believable atmosphere, and her story marches rhythmically with the advance and retreat of Napoleon's army. The romance itself, however, is cinematic. Julie, the rough little heroine with a heart of gold, might have been written by any scenario-writer with an eye to doing something super-special for Miss Norma Talmadge. Moreover, like the ancestors of Ed Wynn's sketch, who all looked like ships, Miss Gaye's young Frenchmen of 1812 all sound like modern English university men.

THERE is little that can be said at this late date about Alfred Aloysius Horn. The Trader is back again with some fantastic yarns. As usual, the conversations with Ethelreda Lewis are better than the Trader's stories. The new book is called "The Waters of Africa." Now, how about "Trader Horn at Harvard"? —A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

PORTRAIT OF A SPY, by E. Temple Thurston (*Doubleday, Doran*). Novel built on the adventures of Mata-Hari, and more convincing than the original.

VIVANDIÈRE!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye (*Liveright*). Historical romance of the Grand Army in Russia. The background is real but the plot is movie.

THE LADY OF LAWS, by Susanne Trautwein (*Elliot Holt*). Story of a vigorous and intellectual lady of the Renaissance; with bold drama and one fine character study.

LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). A go-getting gang leader puts murder on a business basis.

CRESCENDO, by Ethel Mannin (*Doubleday, Doran*). Complexes, inhibitions, and whatnots. Especially whatnots.

PAGAN INTERVAL, by Frances Winwar (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Modern drama against a pagan background, but not up to "South Wind."

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). If you have infinite patience with Irishmen—especially literary Irishmen—this collection of stories and satire may interest you.

SALT WATER TAFFY, by Corey Ford (*Putnam*). Joan Lowell gets what she asked for.

ILLUSION, by Arthur Train (*Scribner*). Gay and witty extravaganza of New York; and a good show.

TIDES, by Count Edouard von Keyserling (*Macaulay*). The tragedy of an aristocratic lady who foolishly marries for love.

THE BOROUGHMONGER, by R. H. Mottram (*Little, Brown*). English politics in the thirties made bearable by beautiful writing.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

FROM DUSK TILL DAWN, by William Garrett (*Appleton*). . . . THE WEB OF MURDER, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE STING, by William Le Queux (*Macaulay*). . . . SLEEPING DOGS, by Carolyn Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE FACE IN THE NIGHT, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . PERIL, by Lloyd Osbourne (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . BOWERY MURDER, by Willard K. Smith (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE GOLF CLUB MURDER, by Owen Fox Jerome (*Clode*). . . . THE HIDDEN HAND, by Carroll John Daly (*Clode*).

GENERAL

JOHN D.; A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler (*Vanguard Press*). Well-written biography of a winsome old gentleman. And a free new dime with every copy.

FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet (*Dial Press*). Record of conversations between an aide-de-camp and his chief; an unusual insight into the character of a great man.

THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). In which Trader Horn talks better than he writes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett (*Duffield*). A military valet, with the eyes of a candid and observing child, writes about his master and a stirring era. Amusing and sometimes pathetic book.

WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street (*Doubleday, Doran*). A complete and amusing guidebook to gastronomical Paris. Invaluable, if you're going abroad; heartbreaking, if you are staying at home.

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant (*Simon & Schuster*). For those who would be better and happier.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan (*Vanguard Press*). In which a reporter tells you who shot whom and why.

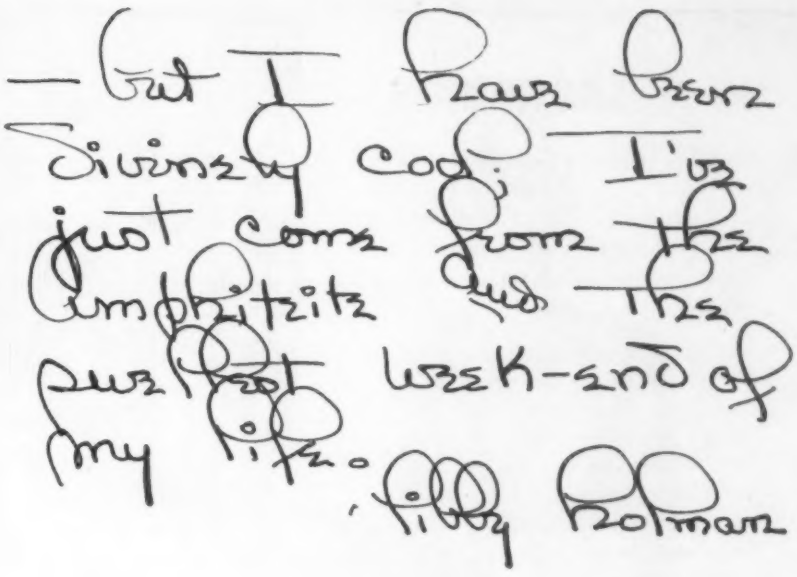
ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker (*Macmillan*). Courageous attempt to make a mountain out of a molehill.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Love Affairs Magazine*]

Mrs. Bumstead and her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Brown, had testified that each morning on Mr. Bumstead's leaving he would stand in the doorway with his arms around his wife and wave goodbye until he was out of sight.

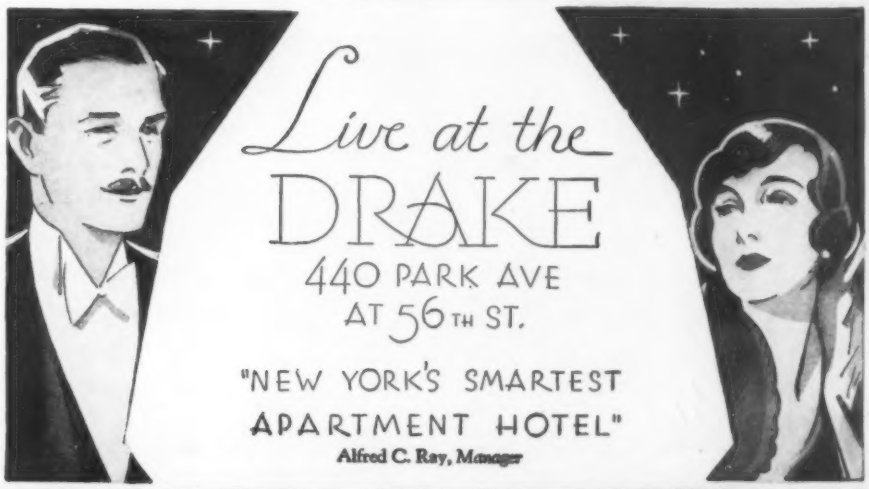


THE AMPHITRITE

at anchor for the season off
Beacon Hill Landing, Port Washington, L. I.

under Resident Direction of
PAUL LENNON

"Bon Voyage at Home"



RESTAURANT CRILLON

At noon an oasis from the summer's heat. During the dinner hour a grateful relaxation from the day's duties.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

EVERYWHERE

In blue flannel or unfinished worsted, light or dark oxford and, occasionally, in fancy cheviot, the double-breasted jacket appears in the upper stretches of Park Avenue, the valleys of Wall Street, down on Long Island, up in Westchester . . . wherever interesting and well set-up men work or loiter. It is highly regarded, and charmingly disturbs the monotony caused by owning too many single-breasted garments . . . a fine sartorial "pick-up". The correct double-breasted jacket presents shoulders of liberal breadth and deep flung lapels, the waist incurves slightly, the skirt holds closely to the hips . . . the total effect is trim and alert. Without definitely casting about to learn the number of men favouring the double-breasted idea, it may be said with confidence that readers of The Sun relish variety in their clothes. They are progressive, intelligent, eager . . . and they have the money. They read The Sun for fresh and authentic news of the Yanks or Giants, the achievements of Johnny Farrell or Walter Hagen, the whereabouts of Tilden or Jack Dempsey, the travels of Lindbergh, the undulations of the Market and the general movement of Society. Obviously, these men compose a sizeable unit of style-conscious purchasers . . . rather a logical crowd for the retail clothier or manufacturer to contact through tasteful, topical and informative Advertisements in The Sun.

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

TWO-EIGHTY BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Blonde, brunette or titian . . . there are certain Jantzen colors best suited to your type. Once you've chosen yours, 'tis a simple matter to complete your ensemble . . . robe, cap, belt, shoes . . . for beach parade.

Then, when cool waters beckon, cast aside your robe and enjoy the full pleasure of swimming in a Jantzen. Tightly knitted from the strongest, long-fibred wool, a Jantzen fits you perfectly, permits such freedom for swimming that you scarcely know it's on you! Smart, too, in appearance, with its trim, youthful lines.

See the new models at your favorite store . . . the *Twosome, Sun-suit, Speed-suit.* Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 42; unbreakable rubber button on larger sizes. Specially packed in «color harmony sets» for each type. Gay hues, pastel shades, or stripes. Color-fast. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 63, Portland, Oregon
Send me free 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide' showing Jantzen colors best suited to my type; also suggestions for creating a colorful beach ensemble.

Name_____ Address_____

REF. STACK 5

Scientists tell us foods must always be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees. At higher temperatures bacteria multiply rapidly and foods become unsafe.

¶ When you own a General Electric Refrigerator, your food—your children's milk—is *always* safeguarded. For this refrigerator automatically keeps the temperature several degrees below 50—always. The General Electric is the first and only refrigerator to have an hermetically sealed mechanism and an *all-steel* warp-proof cabinet. It is unusually quiet in operation, requires no oiling, is fully guaranteed.

REX COLE, INC.

7 EAST 45th STREET **VANDERBILT 7120**

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR